The Literary Digest

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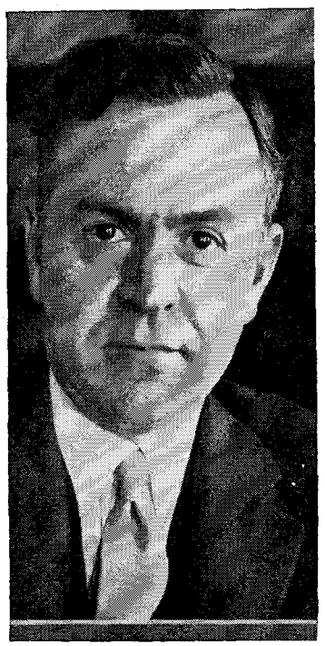
TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Norris-Lucas Earthquake

"DISREPUTABLE, DISHONORABLE, DAMNABLE!"

Pacing the Senate floor "like an angry lion," Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, leader of the Insurgent Republicans, smashes hard at a Republican chieftain, Robert H. Lucas, Executive Director of the party's National Committee.



Keystone

"Treason and Treachery"

Thunders Lucas, demanding that the G.O.P. oust Norris

Roaring in his wrath, the short, well-built, gray-haired Senator swings into action as Lucas' secret fight against him in the recent election, which Norris won, is exposed.

And Lucas thunders back. Quiet-mannered, as he is said to be, the youthful, brown-eyed Executive Director, second in command to the party Chairman, Senator Fess, resorts to strong words in a defiant retort to Norris.

Admitting his "personal" fight against the Nebraskan, he not only defends his action on the ground that Norris is not a Republican, but he excoriates him for his "vicious and relentless opposition" to Presidents Coolidge and Hoover, calls his conduct "revolting," and accuses him of "treason and treachery" to the G.O.P. In declaring that Norris is not a Republican, Lucas virtually read him out of the party, the Washington dispatches tell us.

But "I refuse to be driven out of my party by a renegade or a band of renegades" is the Nebraskan's retort.

As the Executive Director demanded the ouster of "men like Norris," some of the Insurgents (Norris was not one of them) declared that Lucas himself must be thrown overboard.

Epithets were flying fast, and the fight was flaming higher, as Congress adjourned for the Christmas holidays, and it will almost inevitably be resumed on the Senate floor next week.

WHAT the ultimate consequences of the battle will be is a lively topic among the Washington correspondents. Some believe that one of the immediate results will be to force an extra session. Others see a split in the Republican party second in importance only to the Bull Moose movement of 1912. Altho more violent, this is said to be simply another of the battles that have been waged between Republican regulars and Insurgents in the last few years.

"Mr. Lucas's fight has an immediate bearing on the future of the party," says the Washington correspondent of the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, "for if any of the Insurgent Senators should take themselves out of the party at his invitation, the Democrats might organize the next Senate."

THE storm broke at a session of the Senatorial Campaign Investigating Committee, headed by Senator Gerald P. Nye, Insurgent Republican. To the amazement of the committee, we read, a man who had not even been summoned as a witness arose dramatically in the midst of testimony and announced that a secret campaign against Senator Norris had been financed by Mr. Lucas. As we are told by M. Farmer Murphy, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun:*

Keystone

"Damnable Tactics!"

Senator Norris calls the secret fight by Lucas

"The witness who made the disclosure 'in the interest of the whole truth' was Charles I. Stengle, editor of *The National Farm News*, and he asserted under oath that the $665 to pay for the job was handed him in bills by Robert H. Lucas, Executive Director of the Republican National Committee, some time in October last.

"The indirect attack on Senator Norris, who was the regular Republican candidate, who Senator Fess, Chairman of the Republican committee, said would have the committee's support, was in the form of letters and cartoons seeking to connect Senator Norris with Tammany and with the open saloon.

"The printing was done, according to testimony, by the Independent Publishing Company of Washington, which also prints *The Fellowship Forum*, organ of the Ku Klux Klan. One of the cartoons pictured a barroom scene, with a weeping child pleading with a drunken man, and the bartender, with a big diamond in his shirt, standing behind a whisky bottle. It was headed 'Al Smith-Raskob Idea of Happiness.' Underneath the cartoon in large black type was the statement: 'And Senator Norris supported Al Smith.'

"Another exhibit was a circular containing a facsimile of an alleged letter purported to have been written by one J. M. O'Shea, manager of a Democratic organization in New York, to some one in Omaha, Nebraska.

"The alleged letter went on to say that Senator Norris had been valuable to the Democrats, and asked the writer to support him on that ground, and to get 'all our Democratic friends to do so.' Underneath the facsimile, in the circular, in large type, was the following:

"'Can you beat it? You certainly can on November 4 by voting for Hitchcock for Senator.' The circular was signed 'Anti-Norris Republicans.' According to the testimony 85,000

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copies were distributed in Nebraska, and the identity of Mr. Lucas was hidden under the name of 'Mr. Fetters.'"

NEXT day Mr. Lucas was called to the witness stand. Admitting frankly that he had fought Norris, altho insisting that he had acted as an individual, the dispatches tell us, he said:

"I wanted to beat a Democrat who was saying that he was a Republican. I preferred Mr. Hitchcock as between the two Democrats."

At the outset of his testimony, Mr. Lucas denied that he had made any attempt to raise the religious issue. On the contrary, he had "made every effort to keep it out of the campaign."

"He revealed that he had paid out of his own pocket a total printing bill of $4,237.27," writes Walker S. Buel, Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "and that the cartoon was sent not only into Nebraska for use against Norris, but into six or eight other States where there were Senatorial races and the wet and dry question was involved. In those States, however, the material was for use against Democrats." Reading on:

"Upon Lucas defining a Republican as 'one who supports the Republican ticket,' Chairman Nye shot at him the question:

"'Then what would you say of President Hoover, who joined President Wilson in 1918 in calling for election of a Democratic Congress?'

"'I don't know about that,' said Lucas. 'He's done a lot since to make him a Republican.'

"'And wasn't Mr. Hoover a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in Michigan in 1920?' persisted Nye.

"'No, I don't think so. I don't know,' said Lucas."

"Mr. Lucas admitted," we read in another dispatch from Mr. Murphy, "that he had made no effort to determine the authenticity of the O'Shea letter—which bore no address—and that he did not know whether there was such an organization as 'Mr. O'Shea' purported to head."

THEN came the fireworks on the floor of the Senate.

Senator Howell, Norris's colleague, said:

"It seems to me that if the Republican National Committee has any respect whatever for its record, for its responsibilities, it will ask for Mr. Lucas's resignation immediately. The impropriety of his conduct is sufficient, but when we come to consider ethics and fair play, that throws so dark a shadow upon the whole transaction that there is no question as to what ought to result."

"This literature," declared Senator Norris, "is not only damnably false and malicious, but it would be a disgrace to the meanest criminal if he had wanted to send it out under anybody's name." And:

"Any one who will get down to the bottom underneath the dirty campaign that has gone on in my State will find ninety-nine times out of a hundred that the real wolf in sheep's clothing was the power trust which is fighting me, but not because they cared whether I was a Republican or a Democrat."

Again, Senator Norris declared that "if I am a bad Republican, then I glory in it. Public office is not so sweet that it must be retained at the price of my conscience."

"The Nebraska Senator," says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, "charged the leaders of the Republican party with connivance at fraud, perjury and corruption, and promised that when the Nye committee had concluded he would bring forth charges which would send men from high political places to jail."

In a quick retort, Mr. Lucas defended his "personal" contribution, accused Senator Norris of distorting the facts, and followed this up with a sharp onslaught:

"To accept office at the hands of his party, and then viciously oppose its policies, principles, and leadership brings an intolerable situation, and one which must be eradicated if the party is to live.

"Such conduct by Senator Norris has been revolting, and until the leaders of the Republican party not only fail to support, but give their active opposition to men like Senator Norris, they are not doing their full duty to the party which has come down to us from Lincoln."

Then the fight grew even hotter when Senator Cutting, Republican, New Mexico, declared:

"Mr. Lucas is not a personal issue. He is merely an employee of the Republican National Committee. The responsibility for his actions lies higher up—considerably higher up. . . . If Mr. Lucas's statement is not immediately repudiated by those higher up, it means that the National Republican organization has ceased to exist."

Mr. Cutting's statement, which was taken to represent the sentiment of the entire Insurgent wing, also said that "the trouble with the gentlemen whom Mr. Lucas represents is that they fail to remember that the Republican party does not belong to the President of the United States, the National Chairman and a few dozen members of the National Committee. It belongs to the Republican voters. It is not part of Mr. Lucas's official functions to determine whether the Republican voters are right or wrong."

Altho the White House seemed to be following a hands off policy, the papers found significance in an attack made upon Senator Norris by Representative Will R. Wood, chairman of the Republican National Committee, just after visiting the President. Said Mr. Wood:

"Senator Norris is not a Republican. He is not even a Democrat. He is a consummate demagog. He is nothing but a wolf in sheep's clothing. We have been palliating and petting these fellows like Norris long enough."

APPARENTLY not many newspapers defend Mr. Lucas's tactics. Even the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* admits that he made a mistake. Many Democratic editors denounce him for his secret campaign.

"In the matter of the Republicanism of Senator Norris of Nebraska," says the New York *Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.) we can agree with the theory and sympathize with the impulse of Mr. Lucas, "yet he is emphatically not the judge of any one's Republicanism." "Mr. Lucas should resign at once," this paper adds. "It is the least that he can do."

What Do You Know About That?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. How many business depressions in 50 years? (p. 40).
2. Is "Roar China" fact or fiction? (p. 15).
3. Where are real dragons to be found? (p. 30).
4. What European statesman attacks Wall Street? (p. 10).
5. What political party lived only 90 days? (p. 12).
6. Name the chief "evidences" of immortality? (p. 22).
7. Who was Greuze? (p. 16).
8. Who is Fethi Bey? (p. 12).
9. What is Einstein's plan to end war? (p. 9).
10. Who invented the Klaxon horn? (p. 27).
11. What writer prefers annihilation? (p. 23).
12. Why must traffic policemen be often changed? (p. 27).
13. What disgusts the Mayor of Youngstown, Ohio? (p. 23).
14. What Republican leader fought Senator Norris? (p. 5).
15. How win a college degree by doing nothing? (p. 28).
16. What is the business cycle? (p. 40).
17. What is now asked of the Anti-Saloon League? (p. 24).
18. What country had three Presidents in a week? (p. 10).
19. What is the most popular wet caricature? (p. 24).
20. What State is favored by meteorites? (p. 30).

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Hoover's Winning Way with Relief

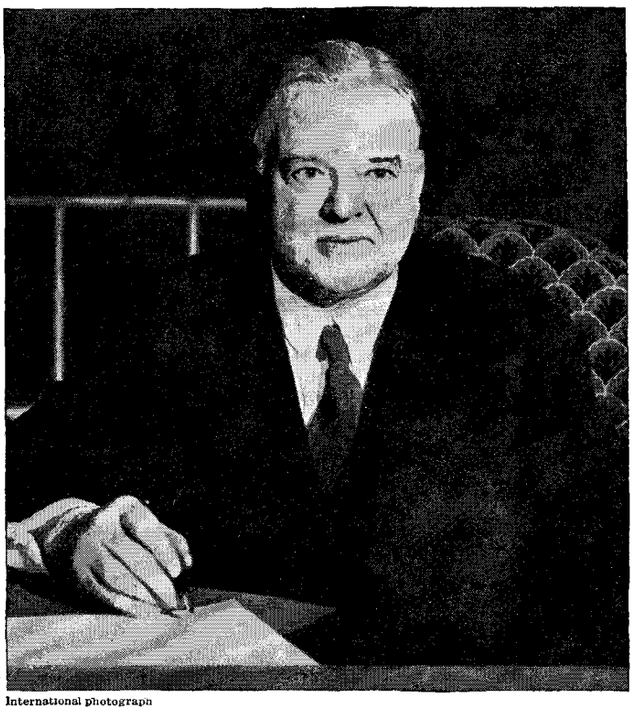
NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT did the Hoover program win its way as the year ended.

Contention and anger marked the progress of the relief bills through Congress.

Charges and counter-charges, accusations of "playing politics" hurtled back and forth between the White House and Capitol Hill, reverberated loudly, then died down as Congress finally allowed President Hoover to play Santa Claus to the nation in his own desired way.

And quite a Christmas gift to the nation Mr. Hoover now has the privilege of distributing, as the press dispatches point out, with $116,000,000 appropriated for immediate use in public improvement, $45,000,000 to be lent to drought-stricken farmers, and an additional $150,000,000 appropriated for the Farm Board. More than $300,000,000 in all!

Now as the President and his aides set to work to distribute these funds where most needed, editors reflect how closely the program follows the President's original requests. The papers have been full of such head-lines as "President Wins," "Hoover in Command," "President Gets His Way," "A Senate Retreat," "The Hoover Victories."



International photograph

Taking Charge of Another Relief Job

President Hoover signing the new emergency measures.

It will be remembered that the Congressional suggestions for enormously increasing the Hoover budget for relief expenditures brought the White House accusation that Congress was "playing politics at the expense of human misery." Then came the retorts that the President himself was doing that very thing, and savage attacks were made on the Hoover record which were vigorously answered by Republican supporters. In particular, one day, Senator McKellar (Dem., Tenn.) suggested that Mr. Hoover had never made any accounting for the $100,000,000 European relief fund of 1919, and for that reason he opposed giving the President the power to transfer funds from one project to another in the emergency-construction bill. This brought an impassioned defense from Senator Otis Glenn of Illinois, who said the President was being "described here as a poltroon, a thief, an embezzler, and a disloyal citizen."

BUT the Senatorial "bark failed to materialize into a bite," as *The Ohio State Journal* (Rep.) describes what actually happened. In the opinion of the Schenectady *Union-Star* (Rep.), "the victory of President Hoover over the Senate was so complete as to make the surrender of the solons abject." "The conditions the President laid down have been fulfilled in virtually every respect," notes the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) for, "as finally enacted, the measure providing for the construction of public works gives him the power to designate where and how the appropriation of $116,000,000 shall be spent," and "if the appropriation of $45,000,000 for the relief of the farmers who suffered in the drought is larger than he regards as necessary, no part of it is to be spent in doles." This, of course, refers to the effort to put in the drought-relief bill a specific authorization of the purchase of food for the needy. This was finally modified by substituting, after the enumeration of certain farm necessities, the words: "and for such other purposes incident to crop reduction as may be prescribed by the Secretary of Agriculture."

It is also to be noted that after all the opposition to certain individuals, the President's appointees to the Federal Power Board were all confirmed by the Senate. And so, as the Syracuse *Post-Standard* (Rep.) puts it, "altogether, the Congressional trend has been in the President's favor." It may be, the Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.) observes, "that President Hoover is not a smooth political tactician," but "the fact remains that he has more points credited to his score than his enemies can claim." In the opinion of the Chicago paper:

"His most obvious strength has been in his ability to retain the loyalty of the House Republicans.

"Much praise is due that group for the sanity and steadiness with which it has met issue after issue. It has risen in the estimate of the country as the Senate has fallen.

"Disturbed students of the Senate are ascribing its present sad condition to the consequences of popular election, and that theory would be plausible were it not that the House membership is and has been always so chosen.

"But whether by the aid of the House, or by means which are not familiar in the ordinary play of Congressional politics, the President is getting things done, and done—for the most part—according to his plans."

IT seems to the New York *Times* (Dem.), that "Mr. Hoover was aided by several considerations":

"Congress had its heart set on getting away for the holidays.

"The legislative situation was so maneuvered as to make it necessary to meet the President's wishes if there was to be the usual holiday recess. The members did not want to stay in Washington longer, yet dreaded going back home without having at least appeared to have done something to meet the national emergency.

"Congress also came to realize more clearly that we are now living under the régime of the Executive Budget. The purse-strings are more closely held by the Administration than they used to be.

"The country has acquired a new yardstick by which to measure Congressional extravagance, and Congress knows it.

"It has likewise been made to know, through this little brush with Mr. Hoover, that Congress always makes itself unpopular, and falls into discredit, whenever it undertakes wantonly to oppose the President, who represents all the people, and is able directly to appeal to them.

"One can not speak in praise of this vigorous assertion of leadership by Mr. Hoover without regretting that it had not come earlier in his Administration."

The real reason the Senate backed down, as the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.), Utica *Press* (Ind.), and various other papers point out, is that the President had the country behind him. The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* (Rep.) believes the country has shown confidence in Hoover's leadership, and the Washington *Post* (Ind.)

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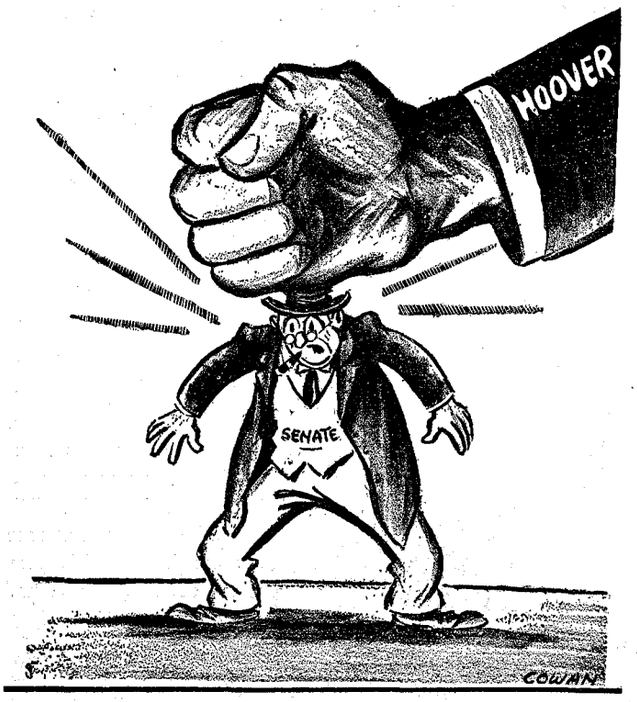


The Big Fist—Successor to the Big Stick

—Cowan in the Boston "Transcript."

concludes a laudatory editorial with the emphatic words: "President Hoover is the hope of the United States."

But the Hoover victory, several writers observe, has been won at a heavy cost. "With the emergency program out of the way," writes a New York *World* correspondent at Washington, "Mr. Hoover is robbed of his chief weapon for coercing the Senate, since he can no longer whip recalcitrants into line with statements such as that Congress was 'playing politics at the expense of human misery.'" Similar reflections on the costliness of the Hoover victory appear in the editorial columns of the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

"In the first place, the concessions that have been made in the course of the discussion have been considerable, even if they do not show much on the surface.

"Further, the President, in order to get the measures through, has had to resort to tactics which almost brought him to an open breach not merely with the insurgents, but with his own group in the Senate. Such a breach is the more expensive now, because the strength of the Administration has waned, and it needs all that it can muster in the way of support.

"Remembering that any Congress after March 4 will be dominated by a hostile majority, it seems as if, barring unforeseen changes in public opinion, the end of Administration control over Congress had come. If this be true, President Hoover's victory is a transitory and not very conclusive one."

THAT there was "politics" enough in the fight over the Hoover relief program is admitted on all sides. "Elections are won or lost by playing politics, and when human misery happens to be important enough, politicians are going to play politics with it," the St. Louis *Star* (Ind.) reflects. It seems to the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* (Dem.) that "the antics at Washington have not increased the prestige of President Hoover or of Congress." The Baltimore *Sun* hopes that with the relief bills and the Christmas holidays behind them, "the President and members of Congress alike may find themselves able to get through the remaining weeks of the session without constantly feeling the necessity of putting tacks in each other's chairs, for no other ascertainable reason than delight in the sound of the monosyllabic 'Ouch!'"

Will Rogers makes the observation in the New York *Times:*

"A foreigner coming here and reading *The Congressional Record* would say that the President of the U. S. was elected solely for the purpose of giving a Senator somebody to call horse-thief, and the dumb part about it is they have played right into the President's hands, for there is nothing the people believe in any more than some one the Senate is denouncing."

BUT the Providence *News-Tribune* thinks that "if Mr. Hoover had proceeded in an orderly, statesmanlike manner to take the Senate into his confidence in the first instance, all the trouble would probably have been avoided." And the Rhode Island daily suggests that the controversy "will not have been in vain if it has taught Mr. Hoover the lesson that the word cooperation on the lips of a responsible legislator does not have the same connotation as it does on the lips of a Chinese coolie looking for a job."

After all, however, we now have a definite relief program. As summed up editorially by the New York *World*—

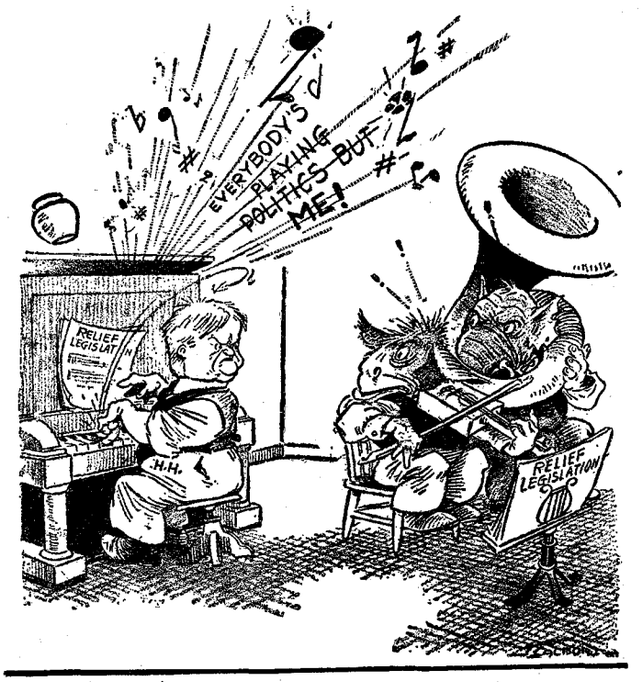
"This program embodies three measures calling for total appropriations of $311,000,000.

"The largest single item is $150,000,000 for the Federal Farm Board, to be used in further stabilization, or price-fixing, operations. Next in order comes the provision for a construction fund of $116,000,000, and finally the appropriation of $45,000,000 for drought relief.

"With these last-named measures there will be no quarrel. The bill for emergency construction merely speeds up the inauguration of certain public works which Congress has already authorized so as to relieve some of the prevalent unemployment. The drought-relief bill provides for loans to farmers in twenty-one States to permit the purchase by them of seeds, fertilizer, and other supplies needed for making next year's crop."

Of course, the depression has not been conquered by the passage of these relief measures, says the New York *Telegram.* The $116,000,000 public works appropriation is called "the best that could be done under the circumstances," and it "will bring the public construction program close to $700,000,000." Continues *The Telegram:*

"This government building program, if voted last year, would have stimulated business this year. Voted now, it will help business and employment next year. Meanwhile, a severe winter of suffering is upon us, and most of the public construction jobs can not begin until the spring. The immediate task is to prevent starvation this winter."



Speaking of Harmony

—Talburt in the Washington "Daily News."

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The Einstein Peace Talk Fight

THAT PEACE TALK BY DR. ALBERT EINSTEIN has kicked up a lively fight in America.

Germany's famous mathematician and physicist, who has devoted so much of his time to eternity, and space, and whatever other infinities there may be, now thinks he sees a way to benefit this speck of cosmic dust we call the earth, by ending war, thus making happier our brief span of life.

From the vast interstellar spaces that are, as it were, his workshop, this short, plump man with the flaring mop of frizzly gray hair and wise and kindly eyes, turns to his fellow humans with another theory, a formula that all can understand.

Only a few, it is said, can grasp his theory of relativity, but his new proposal is so simple that almost anybody can take a hand in the fracas his peace talk has engendered.

One of the first to strike hard at this gentle scientist and his program of "militant pacifism" was Dr. A. D. Houghton, of Los Angeles, an organizer of the American Legion, we are told by an Associated Press dispatch.

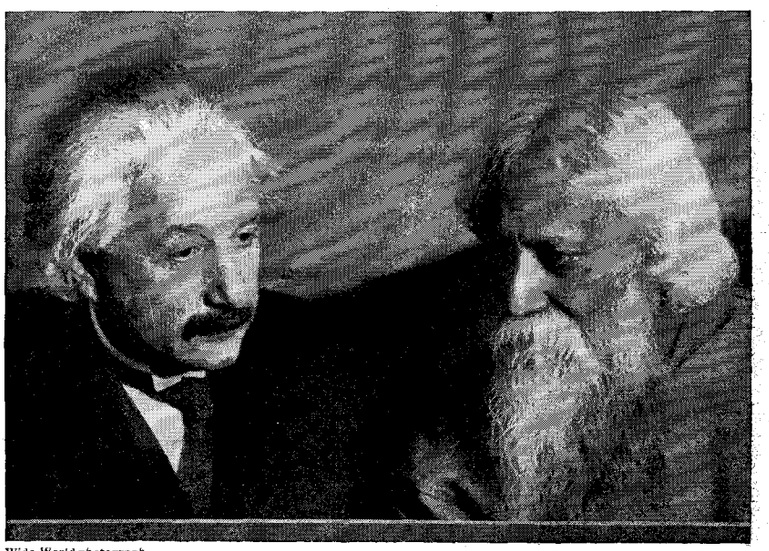
"He suggested action to prevent the visit to California of the German mathematician," we read, and—

"The suggestion offered before Los Angeles legionnaires brought forth mingled applause and expressions of disfavor, but no action.

"The attack, Dr. Houghton said, was based upon expressions attributed to Dr. Einstein in a recent New York speech, who was quoted as urging men of military age to refuse to fight as a means of preventing war.

"Dr. Houghton declared Dr. Einstein was a pacifist traveling in the guise of a mathematician.

"'Dr. Einstein's theory of relativity is one thing—and I don't think much of it—but his pacifism is another,' the speaker said. 'He is a propagandist against the best interests of the country.'"



Wide World photograph

Two Famous Friends of Peace

But Dr. Albert Einstein (left) advocates a pacifism more militant than that of Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu mystic; he urges the peace-lovers of the world to come down out of the clouds, to organize and cooperate internationally, and to refuse to do war service.

Now let us see what Dr. Einstein did say about crushing "the monster of militarism." It was "a plea for militant pacifism," says *The Herald Tribune*, in New York City, where the speech was delivered, "embodying a call to the pacifists of the world to display their courage and to cooperate internationally."

"If only 2 per cent. of the men liable for war service were to refuse," he said, "there would not be enough jails in the world to hold them."

In another ringing sentence, he declared:

"In our political situation it is the duty of man to commit crime in the name of his State or his country; it seems to me that it is more his duty to free mankind from this sort of thing."

Dr. Einstein spoke in German. Quoting *The Herald Tribune*'s translation:

"Pacifists, as they really are, are people up in the clouds who ignore the things that should really be done to advance their cause. First they should realize that wars come through and because of their inaction. Therefore, the first thing is that these believers should do everything to disentangle themselves from their militaristic obligations, and should get out of the slavery in which they are bound. Even at the risk of great personal sacrifice they should refuse to do war service.

"The real pacifists who would advance their cause will act in time of peace, for such action will accomplish more and be most effective at that time. Pacifists should work actively to recruit people to the idea all over the world. And to the timid ones it is necessary to say that if you only got 2 per cent. of the people, the cause of peace would be saved, for that many people would be by far too many to cope with. There would not be jail room enough for them all.

"A second step, and one probably seeming less illegal, as laws are now constituted, would be to work through international societies. These societies should cooperate for international legislation which would put the cause of the pacifist in the right."

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN also urged pacifists to display courage, and offer themselves for dangerous tasks in peacetime, in order that the question of their courage would cease to be a factor in the war-time arguments against their beliefs:

"You must cooperate to help yourselves. I would urge that you collect funds internationally to help those imprisoned for refusing to wage battle in war time.

"Unless you will do these things, unless you are willing to show this necessary courage, you will remain just pacifists."

A few quotations will give the range of editorial comment:

"Both proposals go to the heart of the matter," says *The Nation*, "and if more persons of an eminence comparable to Professor Einstein's would attempt to further them, something might be done to remove the curse of humankind."

But "his theory begins to break down when he accepts the idea that men engaged in war are committing a crime," asserts the Indianapolis *News*. "They are, of course, not committing a crime. They are defending their premises against an invader, actual or potential, who would kill them, abuse their families, seize their property, and extinguish their country. The other side feels the same way. The criminal laws of all countries recognize the right of a man beset by enemies at his gate, and in peril of his life, to defend himself as best he can."

Thus lightly does the Charleston *Mail* dismiss the proposal:

"Einstein urges the United States to prevent wars.

"The United States appreciates the compliment.

"After having done that, possibly it would be willing to undertake regulation of the universe, and remodeling the laws of nature so as to eliminate such serious inconveniences as droughts, hurricanes, floods, cyclones, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions."

NEVERTHELESS, many papers find merit in the plan. The Brooklyn *Eagle* says:

"It is almost certainly true that if the Socialists of Germany had taken the position suggested by Dr. Einstein, there would have been no World War. A large number of individuals would have been put to death by military tribunals, larger numbers would have been imprisoned, but the Kaiser and the military cult would have been helpless."

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Wall Street as Mussolini's Goat

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN pay-check is now officially explained.

Mussolini himself hath said it.

It was that wicked Wall Street.

His brilliant eye gleaming and his famous square jaw set like iron, this son of the Cæsars assures his people that their hard times are the fault of—some one else. With a wave of the hand, he deftly puts all the blame on our stock brokers, who are used to it, anyway.

That he needed an alibi, and this vigorous exhibition helped convince the spectators, is the general press reaction here to the Italian dictator's attack on America as the cause of his country's economic woes.

"Benito Mussolini, the champion explainer of all time," says the Newark *Evening News*, "has calmed the growling Italians with the information that Wall Street is responsible for their lower salaries, their unemployment, their low returns on farm products. About the only crimes not attributed to Wall Street were the earthquakes of last July and the failure of the transatlantic flying fleet to reach its first objective intact."

Mussolini's caustic speech, delivered in the Senate at Rome, explained the bill for reducing by 12 per cent. the salaries of all State employees.

The business situation in Italy was satisfactory, he said, until the fall of 1929, when "the American market crash exploded suddenly like a bomb." As reported from Rome by Arnaldo Cortesi to the New York *Times*, Mussolini went on:

"For us poor European provincials it was a great surprize. We remained astonished—like the world at the announcement of the death of Napoleon, because we had been given to understand that America was the country of prosperity, of endless and absolute prosperity without eclipses. Every one was rich there.

"Every one knows the data of American prosperity, which had become commonplace.

"There was one motor-car for every eight inhabitants; one radio set for every four inhabitants; one telephone for every three.

"Every one gambled on the Stock Exchange, and since stocks rose incessantly, every one bought at 20, sold at 100 and pocketed the difference, with which he purchased a motor-car, radio set, and telephone, or made a trip to Europe, paying for it by instalments, and built a house in the country.

"All this was fantastic and we on this side of the Atlantic had a sense of envy.

"Suddenly this beautiful scene collapsed, and we had a series of black days. Stocks lost 30, 40, and 50 per cent. of their value. The crisis grew deeper.

"Black days followed black days, and prosperity was replaced by long lines of unemployed waiting for soup and bread in the great American cities.

"From that day we also were again pushed into the high seas, and from that day navigation has become extremely difficult for us."

Later in his speech, Mussolini further analyzed American prosperity:

"The American slogan was mass production and mass consumption.

"This formula is false, and Americans themselves now admit it.

"It is false because production is made with machines, while consumption is made by men. The formula was logical from a purely mechanical view-point, but a small hitch was sufficient to cause it to fall.

"American prosperity was based on the assumption that production and consumption were able to keep step.

"As soon as consumption gave signs of decreasing, American captains of industry began spurring the horse of consumption. They did so by raising salaries.

"Then when this appeared to be insufficient, by purchases on the instalment system with production rationalized to the extreme with fantastic advertising. At a given moment consumption decreased greatly, and the crisis exploded in all its violence."

Il Duce Springs a New One

—Bishop in the St. Louis "Star."

Guatemala's Whirligig

GUM-CHEWERS OF AMERICA should take a special interest in Guatemala's recent governmental upheaval. For that country, grower of chicle, "furnishes most of the gum used in North America," says the United Press.

Three Presidents within a week—it looks like a record for this northernmost of the five Central American Republics.

While revolution has been unusually popular this year, especially among our southern neighbors, most of the changes were made without prolonged disturbance, or painful aftermath, but this switch by Guatemala is said to create an embarrassing situation for the United States.

Twenty-four hours after President Hoover sent a message wishing success to Acting President Baudilio Palma, who had taken the place of Lazaro Chacon, incapacitated by illness, Palma was tossed overboard by the Army.

Thus the four-day President "was driven out of the Presidential palace almost before he had time to hang up his hat," as Edward T. Folliard remarks in the Washington *Post*.

After an hour of street fighting in which fifty-seven were killed or wounded, according to the Guatemala City dispatches of December 18, Gen. Manuel Orellana was proclaimed provisional President by a military junta. Among those killed, we read, was Gen. Mauro de Leon.

Explaining Washington's embarrassment at this turn of affairs, a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* says:

"It was under the encouragement of the United States that the five Central American countries in 1923 signed at Washington a treaty binding themselves to recognize no government placed in power by a coup d'état or revolution. This country did not sign the pact, but the State Department pledged fealty to the policy.

"Officials of the State Department are placed in the perplexing position of seeing a government—which is considered here to be revolutionary—in power in Guatemala with the apparent approval of the people there, and supported by assertions that it represents constitutional government. The purported view of the new President, Gen. Manuel Maria Orellana, who has been confirmed by the Guatemalan Assembly, is that the brief tenure of his predecessor, Baudilio Palma, was illegal.

"If the State Department carries out its past policy and also stands by its apparent indorsement of the legality of Palma's claim to office, it can not recognize the new President. On the other hand, it is pointed out, such a position might be in opposition to Guatemalan public opinion, as well as to the opinion in other Central American capitals, and might embarrass extensive American investment and trade interests."

Peace is the first aim of his government, Orellana told the Associated Press, and he also will "return to the constitutional President the power as soon as he is capable of assuming office, or should he be unable to do so, to call and hold free elections, guaranteeing the free exercise of absolute suffrage to all qualified."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

POLITICS sometimes makes queer jail mates, too.—*Macon Telegraph.*

EVERYTHING we have is taxed—even our credulity and patience.—*Florence Herald.*

CRITIC refers to bridge as "a dumb kind of game." Would that it were; would that it were!—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IF George Washington couldn't tell a lie, what do you suppose he wrote the nitwits who sent him wildcats and alligators and the such like when he was President?—*Macon Telegraph.*

A QUEER race of people, the Parisians. They think of Notre Dame as a cathedral.—*Detroit News.*

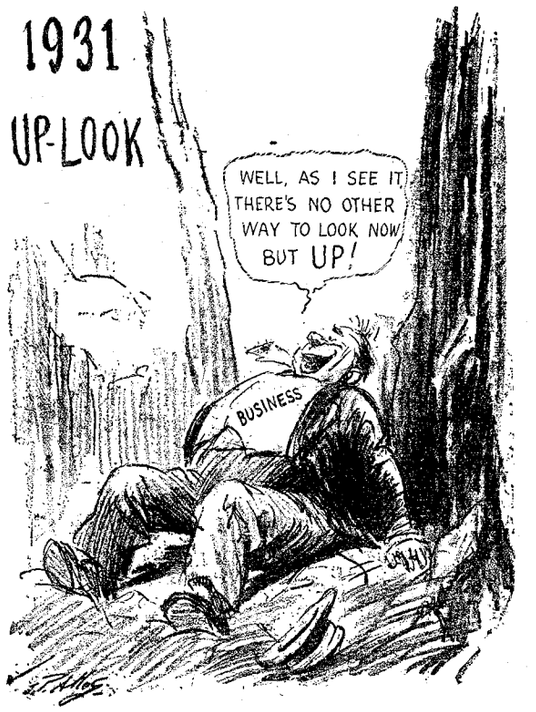
THERE must be times when the President feels like ordering a bale of hay and then inviting the Senate over to breakfast.—*Ohio State Journal.*

AT Newport News they have launched a steamship named *President Hoover.* Now it won't be long before it goes into commission.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

CONSCIENCE began to hurt man about 3000 B. C., says an archeologist, which may explain why to-day it shows such deterioration.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

THERE being no known recipe that calls for both garlic and bad eggs, it is not felt that the new official denaturant for alcohol will prove very helpful.—*Detroit News.*

ONE is always learning something new, and the other night we attended a modernistic-classical dance and discovered we'd been dancing a hymn every time we chased mosquitoes out of the bedroom.—*Ohio State Journal.*



There's a Lot in Our Attitude of Mind

—Alley in the Memphis "Commercial Appeal."

ACCORDING to Secretary Hyde, there can be no good dole times.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

SCIENTIST finds that the more ancient coal is, the better it is. No fuel like an old fuel.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

PROSPERITY is a fine thing, but the most optimistic reading matter is produced by adversity.—*San Diego Union.*

A NEW war book is described as showing "the seamy side of trench life." This is a very apt phrase, since the little fellows had a habit of congregating in the seams.—*Detroit News.*

DOC EINSTEIN says that space is the only reality. Practically all publicity hounds rank it as first, anyhow.—*Dallas News.*

PROSPERITY has been around the corner so long we're going to take a look to make sure that isn't the location of the cemetery.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A CAMPAIGN is on in Philadelphia to select a more pleasing name for Hog Island. Not a war profiteer has been seen on the place in ten years, they claim.—*Detroit News.*

FROM all accounts the business depression has struck Hollywood and many movie queens will be forced to keep the same husbands they had last winter.—*New Orleans States.*

A NEW ENGLAND trapper says the pelts of wild animals are light, and that therefore we'll have an open winter. On the other hand, the moss is thick on the north side of the Wickersham Commission.—*Detroit News.*

So far as we're personally concerned, they may either deport the gangsters or merely take them out in midocean and turn them loose with two days' rations and a sack of sand.—*Ohio State Journal.*

WITH the return of the long skirt there reverts to concealment full many a gem of purest rayon serene.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

NEW YORK police are seeking six escaped lunatics, which is like looking for a needle in a needle factory.—*Macon Telegraph.*

BUSINESS recovery will probably begin about the time some of our leading optimists finally run out of conversation about it.—*San Diego Union.*

IF it's any satisfaction to Judge Lindsey, the recent welding of Democrats and Republicans is now revealed to be companionate.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

NOW that the engineers have figured out how to lengthen the life of autos, maybe they'll do something along the same line for pedestrians.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A WILL missing for more than fifty years was found in a family Bible in Detroit. Somebody accidentally knock the Bible off the parlor table?—*Macon Telegraph.*

AN educator says that college students ought not be required to memorize notable dates of history. Most of them have too many dates of their own.—*San Diego Union.*

THE most tactful thing a hunter can do when he shoots a friend by mistake for a rabbit is to convince the friend that he thought he was a noble stag or a bull moose.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE New York man who took poison, cut his throat and wrists, and jumped out of a window in an unsuccessful attempt at suicide might try peddling hooch in Chicago without asking Mr. Capone.—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE lads in college like to be treated with kindness by their parents, but not with unremitting kindness.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

HENRY FORD says "the country is far better off to-day than it was a year ago." He may mean that it has fewer dollars and more sense.—*Toledo Blade.*

AN American jazz orchestra, which sailed the other day for a tour of South America, will be lucky if it isn't mistaken for a revolution.—*San Diego Union.*

A SCIENTIST is experimenting with the creation of artificial life, and we suppose before another decade the stork will be bringing 'em in in cans.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE superstition that it's unlucky to light three cigarets with one match probably originated in the sales department of some match company.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

WHETHER Democracy is a flop or not, we are not prepared to say, but we see by the paper that Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas is wearing spats.—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE other day a $130,000,000 railroad was auctioned off for only $23,000,000. And the moral of that is that anybody with $23,000,000 can always find bargains.—*San Diego Union.*

PROFESSOR LIPMANN of the University of California says living bacteria he found in anthracite coal are 200 million years old. Gosh! they probably can remember way back when Prosperity went around that corner.—*Macon Telegraph.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

Hailing Their Chief

"We have no coats on our backs, no shoes on our feet," cried Fethi Bey enthusiasts as they welcomed him to Smyrna.

Turkey's Opposition Light That Failed

JUST THREE MONTHS was the age of the infant Liberal party in Turkey, when it was hastily strangled by its parent at the frown of the Dictator.

At first, the Liberals' hopes ran high.

The new party's founder, Fethi Bey, had a triumphal reception in Smyrna, where his enthusiastic followers shouted:

"We have no coats to our backs, no shoes on our feet!"

Rioting followed, people were wounded, police maltreated, a government newspaper office sacked.

Dictator Kemal, watchful, saw how things were shaping, and, soon after, Fethi Bey announced that the party was at an end.

The purpose of the Liberal party was to oppose the ruling single party of Turkey, called the Popular party. A good augury for it, we are told, was that Fethi Bey, a close friend of President Mustafa Kemal Pasha, proceeded on his opposition advance with the approval of Kemal.

But all the great expectations of the Turkish Liberals were shattered at the end of three months, when Fethi Bey announced the dissolution of his organization. His action, it is reported, resulted from his discovery that he could not carry on without coming into direct conflict with President Mustafa Kemal.

Curiously enough, as the London *Economist* points out, the short-lived Liberal party was founded after a consultation between Fethi Bey and the President, last August, at the watering place of Yalova, on the Marmora Sea, and we read:

"It was generally believed at the time that the President had welcomed Fethi Bey's move, and had perhaps even suggested and initiated it.

"There is no reason to doubt that this was so; for the growing pressure of taxation and economic distress was then already making the Government unpopular; and in such a situation it was an obvious move for the President of the Republic to place himself 'above the battle,' and to leave the responsibility and the odium for an uncomfortable state of affairs to rest on the shoulders of the Prime Minister, Ismet Pasha.

"Since August the Turkish Dictator has changed his tactics. The first symptom of a change was his retention of the presidency of the Popular party, which he had been expected to hand over, as a *damnosa hæreditas*, to Ismet.

"The dissolution of the new rival party indicates that the President has now gone a step further, and has intimated that, henceforth, opposition can only be carried on under pain of his displeasure and of the dire consequences which that displeasure immediately involves for any Turkish citizen on Turkish territory."

WHAT made Kemal change his policy? *The Economist* wonders whether it was pressure from Premier Ismet Pasha, or whether the Turkish "Dictator" was alarmed at the ovation which Fethi Bey received when lately he visited Smyrna.

Or, this weekly surmises, Kemal may have been scared at the vigor and ability with which the leader of the short-lived opposition criticized the Government's policy in the Great National Assembly. This London weekly continues:

"The President of the Turkish Republic must have just as much reason to-day as three months ago for wishing to retire from the political arena.

"The situation is no easier, the Government no more popular. We must infer that he has found this withdrawal to a position of sacrosanct aloofness a less simple maneuver than he had at first supposed.

"At any rate, he has abandoned the experiment of making that move in this way. And this has been enough to snuff Fethi Bey's party out of existence.

"Thus, in her politics, Turkey is now back again where she was before this episode—for good or for evil.

"Meanwhile, in her economics, she is no longer where she was, and, in this case, certainly not for good. For it is significant that a strong point in Fethi Bey's program was that Turkey should not fail to honor her obligations to her creditors.

"The announcement that he has gone out of Turkish politics has been followed immediately by the news that the Turkish Government has failed to provide in full for the payment of the coupons due on the twenty-fifth of November in respect of the Ottoman Debt.

"The default is flagrant, since it is a breach of an agreement made no longer ago than June 13, 1928, under which the foreign bondholders made considerable sacrifices in the belief that they were arriving at an accommodation which the Turkish Government was able and willing to carry out for its part.

"Moreover, as the bondholders point out in a statement issued on November 22, an expert who had been appointed by the Turkish Government to inquire into its financial situation, reported on September 15 last, that in his opinion Turkey was capable of paying the annuity due under the 1928 agreement in Turkish pounds."

The fact that Turkey can not get along without financial

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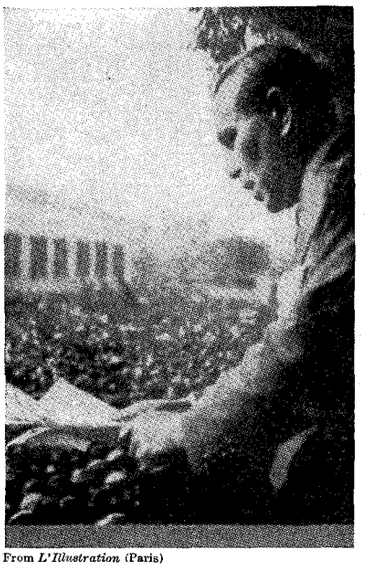
assistance now and in the future is proved, we are told, by the growing economic distress in that country during the eight years the Turkish Government has sought to pursue this policy, namely from the Greco-Turkish War in 1922.

The cry of this distress, it is related, met Fethi Bey when he visited Smyrna, and was received by a crowd shouting:

"See, Fethi Bey, we have no coats on our backs, no shoes on our feet."

The truth is, it is claimed, that Turkey's attempt at financial self-sufficiency was made under altogether adverse conditions.



From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

Fethi Bey Speaking

And his attacks on the Popular party—the Government Organization—brought him into conflict with President Mustafa Kemal Pasha. Result: The Fethi Bey Liberal party lasted just three months

It was inaugurated, we are reminded, when Turkey had been almost continuously at war for eleven years, when the richest part of her homeland had been devastated by the Greek invasion of Asia Minor, and when her population had been more than decimated by the expulsion of the non-Turkish minorities, following upon an unprecedented destruction of life through casualties and massacres. But, it is pointed out:

"There remained, and remain, Turkey's great unrealized material assets: the vast extent of her territory, even after the loss of the Rumelian and Arabian provinces, and her undeveloped agricultural and mineral resources.

"The Turkey that has emerged from the war is virtually a virgin country, suffering from a dearth of equipment and a dearth of population. Her problem is the problem of the United States a century ago and of other overseas countries in more recent times.

"She can not tap her potential wealth without calling in foreign help—increasing her population by immigration, and building her railways out of foreign loans.

"Where would the United States be to-day if she had refused to build her railways, except out of current income, or to fill up her empty spaces, except by the natural increase of her existing population?"

In noting the passing of the party of Fethi Bey, an Angora correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, François Psalty, advises us that at the outset of the party's activity, it was affirmed that the Great National Assembly would soon be dissolved, and the country would have a general election. This statement, we are told, appeared not only in the local papers, but also in the foreign press.

At first, Mustafa Kemal was silent. But the Smyrna events forced him to clear up the situation, and we learn:

"Fethi Bey went to Smyrna to make his first political speech. It was the occasion of encounters between supporters and adversaries of the new party.

"Men sacked the offices of the governmental paper, *Anatolou*, and many persons were wounded. A child was killed in the turmoil, and some policemen seriously maltreated.

"A government paper of Constantinople, the *Djumhouriet* ('The Republic'), wrote an open letter to the Ghazi adjuring him to pronounce himself, and the Ghazi replied immediately that he was always with the Popular party, the governmental party, which he himself founded in the first days of the Anatolian revolution, under the name of the Committee of the Defense of the Rights of Anatolia and Rumelia.

"He continued to be the effective head of this party, altho, being President of the republic, he had passed all his powers as chief of the party to its Vice-President, Ismet Pasha.

"For those well acquainted with the true situation, this letter, published by all the newspapers, and even posted by the governmental party on the walls of all the towns of the country, was the first announcement of the death of the Liberal party.

"Fethi Bey struggled for a time, but was soon convinced that the normal development of the situation would lead him to have the Ghazi as a direct adversary."

Those Fake Steamship Funnels

STEAM IS PASSING FROM THE SEA. And, it appears also that the internal-combustion engine is ousting even the turbine.

At first it was the auxiliary in the windjammer, we are reminded, that sent its exhaust up the hollow tube of a mast. Then came the motor-liner, and funnels began to be a problem.

If you wish to know just how serious such a seemingly simple thing may be, you will learn from a correspondent of the London *Times* that it is feared the British may lose prestige in the Persian Gulf, where they have replaced a two-funneled cruiser by another with only one funnel.

The suspicion is based on the fact that people ashore will think perhaps that the new ship is less powerful than the old. This informant recalls a story about an old passenger-boat which was bought for service in the Far East and fitted with six funnels to awe the Chinese.

In posters and pictorial advertisements, it is noted, ship funnels have a value of their own.

But, with the arrival of the motor-liner, it is pointed out that the new ships need no more than a pipe to carry away the fumes. Yet, they would have looked bare without funnels of some kind, we are told, so a new rule was made of two funnels rather squat, but very fat. It may be a surprize to some of us to be told that "a funnel can be entirely a dummy and used as a store-room."

This contributor to the London *Times* goes on to say:

"There was no great pride of funnel when steam first went to sea. Just a tall stove-pipe with, perhaps, a notched top served.

"Later funnels became a count of boilers and a sign of power. She should be the faster ship that had two instead of one. Passengers would want to go by her.

"So shipowners took the funnel in hand, and made a rather better thing of it than the old pipe. They plumped it out to give new lines to the steamer. They painted it in a livery that was often gay.

"And they found that by giving it a rake backward they created an illusion of speed.

"In time two funnels became standard practise on the mail services across the Atlantic and the Channel.

"It was not enough to talk of twin screws. People could not see the screws, but perhaps a couple of funnels suggested them.

"The crack vessels to the United States and across to the Continent or Ireland all had two funnels each.

"Then came the great Atlantic race. Germany beat us for the record-passage, and, in turn, we beat Germany. And we knew the new greyhounds at a glance out at sea or in dock by their funnels.

"The biggest, fastest, and best ships all had four. Funnels were great things now, and not always round, but elliptical.

"We trotted out our old friend, the coach-and-four, by which we measured openings, and said that we could drive it through any one of the *Mauretania's* funnels, if that were laid on the ground.

"The *Mauretania* and *Lusitania* were followed by bigger steamers that were not quite so fast. But the rule of four funnels held in the *Titanic*, *Olympic*, and *Aquitania*.

"We were told that one of the funnels was dummy, put in just for show. The ship did not need it, but the public wanted it.

"Ten years ago funnels came to the top of their pride. A steamer had as many as she could find room for, or one that was the greater part of her top-hamper.

"We certainly believed that the ship with the most funnels, or the biggest funnel, was the best and fastest of a fleet."

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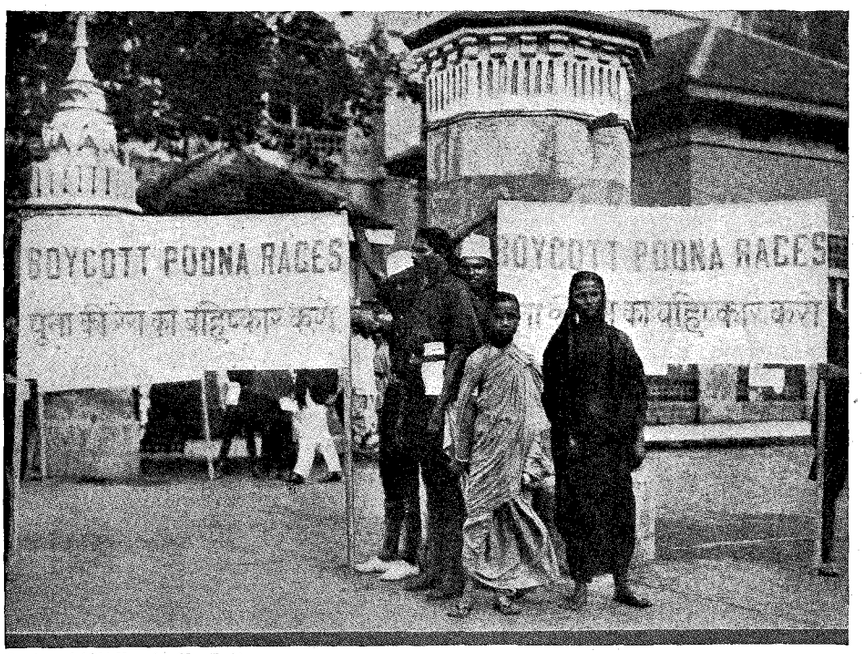
India Passively Militant

BOMBAY OBEYING TWO GOVERNMENTS.

Such was the strange sight that confronted a noted English publicist and Laborite, who is in India making a special study of the political situation.

The European population, the Indian Sepoys, a few of the militant princes, and the older generation of the Moslem minority, we are told, are still loyal to the British Government, with all its apparatus of legality and power.

But, it appears, the rest of Bombay's population has transferred its allegiance to one of the British Government's "too-numerous prisoners," most important of whom, of course, is Mahatma Gandhi.



Courtesy of *ASIA* Magazine (New York)

Ladies of the Boycott

All around the race-course in Poona, Indian women pickets stationed themselves, and they also picketed the special trains bringing in crowds for the races. It is said that receipts fell off by a half-million dollars

This we learn from Mr. H. N. Brailsford in the Calcutta *Advance*. Mr. Brailsford, as is well known, is one of England's distinguished journalists, who has not only been a leader-writer for the Manchester *Guardian*, the London *Daily News*, and the London *Nation*, but who also was a volunteer in the Greek Foreign Legion back in 1897. For three years he was the editor of the Labor weekly, *The New Leader*, to which he is now a regular contributor, and which reproduces his article from the Calcutta *Advance*.

We all know Mahatma Gandhi is in prison, but even from there his followers hearken to him, for as Mr. Brailsford points out:

"Mahatma Gandhi sits in prison, where he writes each week a discourse on some doctrine of his difficult ascetic gospel, which somehow finds its way out past the warders, and appears in every Indian newspaper.

"In his name Congress ruled this city. Its lightest word was obeyed.

"It is in this readiness to suffer that the moral power of this movement resides. Where thousands will go gladly to prison, tens of thousands will give money, and hundreds of thousands will obey.

"It reminds me, in its temper and outlook, of the militant suffrage movement in England, save that it avoids even the minor acts of violence in which these forerunners indulged.

"A disarmed people, which in this part of India has no military tradition, has instinctively adopted these tactics. It courts suffering; it faces it, as women will, with a noble, if passive, courage.

"To some it is a religion, to others no more than a tactic.

"One thinks of the women as the natural exponents of its gospel. Out of the seclusion of centuries, they have stept at the call of patriotism, and nothing in this astonishing movement is so surprizing as their joyful devotion.

"If they have not yet won 'Swaraj' for India, they have completed the emancipation of their own sex. The veils and vetoes are gone, in Bombay at least, so completely that it is difficult to believe that they ever existed.

"The test of the power of the Congress came on the third day of my visit.

"The merchants who import cotton piece-goods had ceased for six months to buy foreign cloth, but they had in stock quantities worth five crores of rupees (over £3,500,000) suited only to the Indian market; they could not be reexported, and they were deteriorating in the warehouses.

"The merchants met, and in a somewhat apologetic resolution, declared that they would sell these stocks, and thereafter buy no more. The Congress refused to compromise, and as the event showed, it did not overestimate its strength.

"Hundreds of its women volunteers marched down to the wholesale market. They would picket every shop and office.

"Some of them declared that they would go on hunger strike, until the merchants withdrew their resolution.

"A meeting was held at which some of the leading Nationalist orators spoke. And then, even before the pickets had taken up their stations, the struggle was over. The clerks and porters refused to open the warehouse shutters, or to handle one bale of the cloth."

THE Indian Congress had won, Mr. Brailsford goes on to say, and in the part of India where he was at this writing, the word Congress is law, even tho it means ruin to merchants and unemployment to workers.

Sixteen mills which had closed because their owners are also importers of English cloth, remained closed, he tells us, and their 32,000 workers have either gone home to their villages or are living in the sweltering slums on the mercies of Pathan usurers. Mr. Brailsford adds:

"As evening falls, you may, as I did on my first day, witness a procession and a demonstration. The volunteers marched in formation, for this peaceful movement does not disdain military order.

"They made, with the Indian tricolor flag, the orange scarfs of the women, and the white homespun of the men, a rich pageant in the dazzling light.

"The women sang their boycott song with passion, tho sometimes with a touch of fun, as they caught sight of my European headgear.

"A crowd of 10,000 (some guessed 20,000) squatted on the seashore to hear the Mayor of Calcutta—Mr. Sen-Gupta, who had just come out of jail.

"Five days later, the other government of Bombay stept in. It closed the ant-heap called Congress House, locked its doors, proclaimed all its dealings illegal, and packed about two hundred of its leaders into prison for terms that range from three to six months.

"There is less singing. There are fewer meetings.

"But the warehouses have not yet opened to disgorge their cloth.

"Bombay has not forgotten its invisible government, and the whisper of a nation is as audible as the Viceroy's decree."

Incidentally, London press cables inform us that India is to have a new Viceroy. Lord Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada, has been appointed Viceroy and Governor-General of India to succeed Lord Irwin. He goes to India, we are told, early in April, 1931.

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LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE · DRAMA · MUSIC · FINE-ARTS · EDUCATION · CULTURE

When China Didn't Roar

THE THEATER GUILD HAS, for some weeks now, been presenting a strange Soviet piece called "Roar China," and has provoked roars of admiration and disapproval from the usually quiet side of the footlights.

One dissenting patron, it is said, attempted to assault the innocent box-office man who sold him the ticket.

A number of playgoers have "written to commend the Guild for its valor in presenting a masterpiece so outspoken in its protest against the bad habits of civilization."

This is the picturesque phrasing of Mr. Percy Hammond of the New York *Herald Tribune*, who defends the Guild against the imputed "desire to aid or to retard the revolution."

As every one knows, the revolution didn't roar in China, and the author had to introduce some false Chinese psychology into his play to make his thesis hold water.

The play was written by Mr. Tretyakov at a time when Soviet Russia was making its attempt to draw China into its red fold; the main facts of the action are said to be well based, but the implications not.

Mr. Hammond's succinct summary will set the plot before those unfamiliar with the play:

"The theme of 'Roar China' is the oppression of the pathetic Chinese by rapacious Anglo-Saxon barbarians. It illustrates, with many compromises to theatrical veracity, the cruelties and injustices heaped upon the helpless Orientals by brutal Yankees and Englishmen.

"The white invaders are pictured as arrogant, contemptuous, murderous and mean, treating the helpless coolies as if they were vermin.

"A vicious American trader kicks them around, and refuses to pay a boatman his fare, simply because he belongs to a superior race. Two cents, says he, or nothing. Thereupon the cheated sailor drowns his stingy passenger, and precipitates an interracial crisis.

"The British navy becomes indignant and demands the sacrifice of two innocent Chinamen upon the altar of a vindictive Anglo-Saxon revenge. Unless two peasants, however guiltless, are executed in public, the captain of His Majesty's battleship *Cockchafer* will obliterate the city, sparing no men, women or children.

"The victims, therefore, are hanged in full view of a grand stand—gasping, choking and wailing as the British nooses throttle them to death."

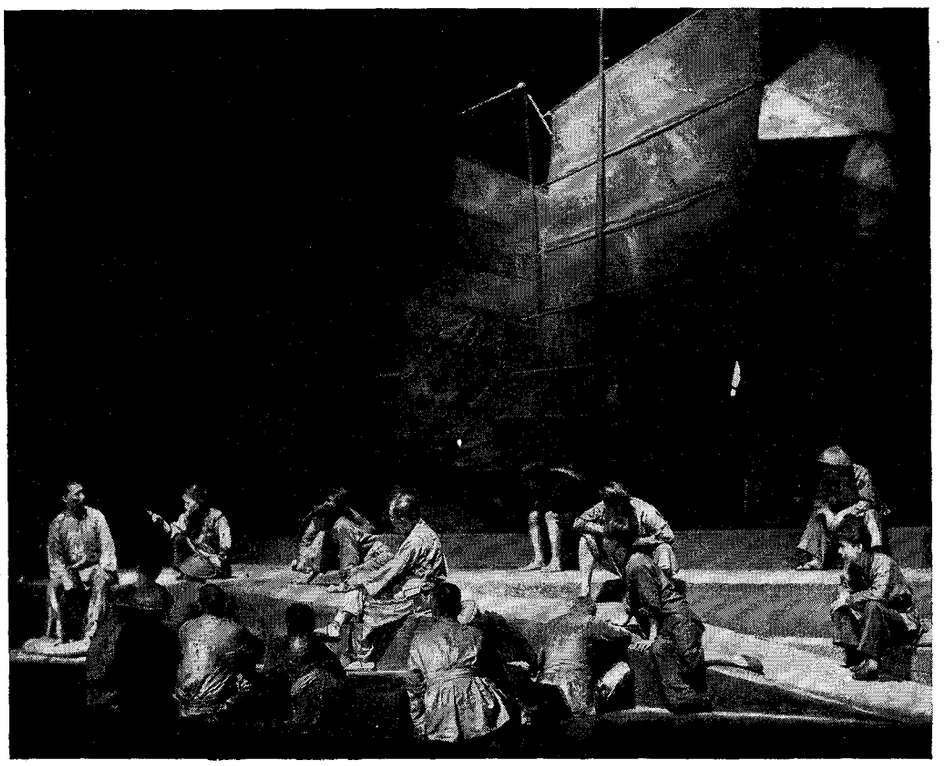
MR. HAMMOND, recently returned from a tour round the world, speaks with apparent knowledge of the playwright's veracity. Also of the Guild's disinterested attitude toward theatric material:

"Mr. Tretyakov, the Soviet dramatist, has not exaggerated the odious American tourists in the play as they desecrate travel by their obnoxious habits.

"Neither has he overemphasized the Simon Legree mood of the white man as he does business with his yellow brethren.

"Captains of British warships are renowned for their bloodthirsty loyalty to the Empire. They fire their cannons with little or no provocation on obscure settlements, such as that in 'Roar China'; but not in the bombastic and spurious way depicted by Mr. Tretyakov at the Martin Beck Theater.

"As a vociferous scarecrow from the Soviets, 'Roar China' is symbolic of an overheated state of mind, a display of the passion, prejudice and instinct of a frantic demagog. Its Chinese actors, especially the skilled and thoughtful artist who plays the student interpreter, are examples of unalloyed characterization; and its presentation is in the best style of the Theater Guild—quizzical, adventurous, earnest and proficient."



While the Coolies Conspire by the Wharf

The sampans in the rear conceal the British warship ready to spit fire.

ANOTHER contributor to *The Herald Tribune*, Rodney Gilbert, gives the story which forms the main theme:

"In June, 1924, an American named Edwin G. Hawley was killed by junk coolies with bamboo staves on the foreshore at the town of Wanhsien, on the upper Yangtze River.

"Hawley was forty-two years old and had been fifteen years in China. He began his career there as a missionary, but was employed at the time of his death by the British firm of Arnhold Bros. & Co. as a buyer and shipper of wood oil. This, at the time, was no sinecure.

"Banditry on the upper river, which the Chinese authorities made little effort to suppress, had imposed such risks and burdens on commerce that the native junks had been forced to abandon their carrying trade. Foreign-owned steamers, however, ran the gantlet regularly and continued to take wood oil and other native products to the coast.

"This situation the junkmen resented, and, being unable to exact protection from their own military, they organized at Wanhsien to agitate against shipping by steamer. Their attitude was perhaps natural, but scarcely reasonable. Being unable to

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intimidate foreign merchants, the junkmen let it be known that they would kill any natives who abetted shipments by steamer.

"Edwin G. Hawley had a consignment of wood oil to forward to Shanghai, and arranged for space in the British steamer *Wanliu*, lying across the river from Wanhsien.

"When he came to move his cargo from his warehouse he learned that the junkmen planned to prevent his stevedores and boatmen from handling it. He went off in a small boat to *H. M. S. Cockchafer* and asked Lieutenant Commander Whitehorn to land a party of sailors to give his men protection. This the British officer promised to do, and Hawley returned to the foreshore, landing just as a party of junkmen had launched an attack with bamboo staves on his coolies.

"Hawley rushed into the mêlée, seized the nearest assailant and kicked him. In the defense of his goods and men the action certainly was justified, but as certainly foolhardy.

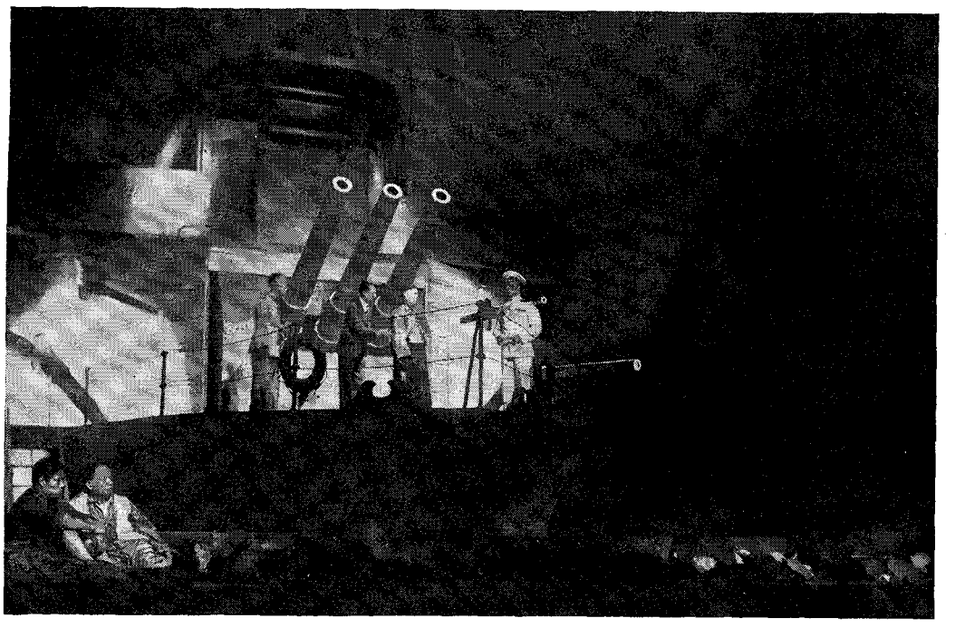
"He was instantly set upon by the mob, which commenced beating him with the heavy staves. He received blows on the head, staggered back to the river bank with the junkmen following him and raining blows upon him, and fell in. He was at once pulled into his own small boat and taken to the *Cockchafer*, where he died a few minutes later as a result of injuries to his head.

"All this happened in full view of hundreds of interested spectators, so there was never any doubt about the facts.

"What did come in doubt later was the regularity of Lieutenant Commander Whitehorn's subsequent action. This indignant young officer got into immediate touch with the local officials and demanded that the junkmen, who had first interfered with Hawley's men and had then beaten the American to death, be executed at once on the scene of the assault.

"Failing the apprehension of the guilty ones, he demanded, the leaders of the agitation which had resulted in the crime, two known heads of the junkmen's gild, were to be executed in their stead. In addition he insisted that all the local officials appear in full uniform in Hawley's funeral procession.

"Whitehorn threatened to shell the place if his demands were not immediately met, so the two agitators were seized by the authorities and shot on the foreshore. Hawley was buried with official honors."



The Town Overawed

In this remarkable setting by Lee Simonson for "Roar China," the sampans act as curtain and move in a tank of water, concealing and revealing the British warship that also advances and retreats on the stage. *Scene between the Chinese student and the captain.*

According to age-old Chinese standards, Mr. Gilbert declares, "Whitehorn's demands and the execution of them were rigidly and severely just, and there was not in the community the slightest showing of resentment of them." British authorities thought him overzealous; but the United States Government, after investigation, "formally and publicly thanked the British Government for Commander Whitehorn's action."

The play, according to Mr. Gilbert, "has not a chance of getting under the skin of any one who has lived in China and knows the life of the river ports." For it doesn't show Chinese psychology:

"It is extremely unlikely, for instance, that a Chinese official would suggest to the boatmen that they choose among themselves the two victims to be sacrificed to the 'imperialist's' blood lust.

"He would either do what Commander Whitehorn did actually demand, as an alternative to the execution of the guilty, and strangle the responsible heads of the boatmen's gild, or he would call for volunteers, offering to pay large rewards to the surviving members of their families.

"Again, it is extremely unlikely in such a situation as that depicted on the stage, when death is impending for two boatmen, that the whole waterfront population should pass the night moaning and chanting their lamentations like old Chinese women mourning the dead.

"Usually the Chinese meet such a situation with a great deal more grace or dignity. They are stoically calm, or they are cynically flippant, or they are fiercely resentful.

"Certainly they seldom anticipate disaster in such long-drawn-out interchanges of maudlin self-pity as the author of 'Roar China' inflicts upon the excellent Chinese cast in the Theater Guild's presentation."

Because of the elaborate stage setting the play cannot be sent on the road, and ended its run last week.

The Cover

Modern art is far afield from the eighteenth-century style represented on the cover.

In judging Greuze one has to remember the artificiality of his age; and how the painter yielded his talents to the self-deception of his time.

Jean Baptiste Greuze was born at Tournus in Burgundy August 21, 1725, and evinced a talent for drawing at an early age. This facility never deserted him, and he became the foremost of French genre painters in the eighteenth century.

His English contemporary, Hogarth, dealt as did Greuze, with scenes of ordinary life, but the difference in outlook between the two men shows all the difference in the character of the two peoples.

Turning to the "New International Encyclopædia" we find a just estimate of the man who produced "Fidelity":

"He was for France the originator of a particular kind of genre, depicting the virtues of the middle classes, in contrast to the prevailing vices of the aristocracy.

"But better than these more ambitious productions are his representations of young girls of subtle and innocent yet somewhat voluptuous charm, usually with a touch of melancholy, and in rather sentimental poses.

"In such works he ranks among the first French painters of the eighteenth century. His paintings are excellent in line, and, notwithstanding their high finish, they are admirable in color.

"His very mannerisms are attractive."

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Mary Garden in a Jazz Opera

THAT IS TO SAY, she appeared in Chicago in what was announced to be a jazz opera, but which turned out to be something Debussean trimmed with jazz. It is named "Camille."

The composer is a young American, Mr. Hamilton Forrest, and Chicago produced him, made him sing in a church choir when his voice was reedy, and gave him the rudiments of his musical education.

Chance brought him into the employ of Mr. Samuel Insull; but as Felix Borowski writes in the Boston *Transcript*, "neither the musician nor the magnate could have realized at that time that the Chicago Civic Opera was later to become a matter of special interest to both."

Mr. Insull, we may be reminded, heads this brilliant organization.

"Camille" is not the work of an office boy, as some advance notices have taught us to think. Mr. Borowski is better informed:

"It would seem that commerce irked the soul of Mr. Forrest, for two years of it was all that he was able to stand.

"Throwing himself into a musical career, he began to compose music for plays, contributed to 'As You Like It,' 'Gas,' 'Paddy,' and other productions. He also wrote a ballet, 'The Masque of the Red Death,' which was produced at the Art Institute in Chicago. Opera, however, was the young composer's passion. He had, indeed, written a dramatic composition entitled 'Rappacini's Daughter' before 'Camille' occupied his pen, but this has not yet received production."

REAL life as well as Dumas helped to create the libretto of Mr. Forrest's opera:

"The creator of 'Camille' has explained that in his boyhood days he saw enacted in real life the story wrought by Dumas the Younger into 'La Dame aux Camélias,' and that its *Marguerite*—or *Camille*, as she is in the American play—met her *Armand* in a business college, dying, after the usual complications in tales of passion, from rheumatism of the heart. The boy who was her lover shot himself; while tragedy also visited his father, mixed up in general emotional disorder.

"Later, Mr. Forrest read Dumas's play and was seized with the determination to follow Verdi's example in 'La Traviata' and clothe the drama with music. Having sketched his libretto, the composer bethought himself that, as the milieu of 'Camille' was French, his opera would be more persuasive if it were to be sung in the language spoken on Montmartre.

"This decision to fit the text to a foreign tongue must have been particularly vexing to the promoters of the Opera-in-Our-Language-Foundation, coming as it did from a musician, born and bred in the great State of Illinois, who, when he composed his piece, knew not even so much French as might be found upon a bill of fare. The zealous propagandists for opera in English may draw consolation, perhaps, from the information—emanating from Mr. Forrest himself—that he was put to grievous trouble in fitting the Parisian lingo into the libretto of 'Camille.'"

MR. FORREST shifts the action of his piece into the present, and his text is called "admirable theater"—"more admirable, in fact, than Piave's arrangement of the drama out of which Verdi made 'La Traviata.'" We read:

"The librettist-composer did not stop at twentieth-century cocktail-parties, the unromantic telephone, motor-cars and such like properties. He also enlivened scenes with jazz.

"Apart from this twentieth-century atmosphere of 'Camille,' Mr. Forrest, with one exception, has not departed from the general plan of Dumas's tale. This exception consists in making *Camille*, or *Marguerite*—for the composer-librettist is apparently unable to decide upon the heroine's name—suggest to her lover that his father had also been the recipient of her favors.

"This was an interpolation made, probably, because Mr. Forrest could not bring himself to believe that a woman would be likely to relinquish a man of whom she was desperately enamored when one of his parents requests her to quit him.

"The young man, too, would require some stronger motive to leave his inamorata than a parental suggestion that he listen to reason. Mr. Forrest supplied the motive by causing *Camille* to make it clear to *Armand* that his father was also his rival. There can be no doubt that this situation is cleverly contrived."

MR. BOROWSKI's tribute to Mr. Forrest as a composer descends to a lower plane:

"The music of 'Camille' is indefinite and undistinguished. Only in the scene of the second act when the champagne party takes place in *Camille's* apartment and jazz is introduced, does the composer contrive to make his music reflect the situation set forth on the stage. Even the most dramatic moment—that, for instance, in which *Camille* gives way to frenzy at the loss of her lover and is thrown into almost maniacal excitement when his father offers her money—fails to bring any pulsation into the score. Instead, the music wanders on and on in the shadowy fashion characteristic of 'Pelléas et Mélisande.' Debussy is seemingly Mr. Forrest's model in regard to style. There is a waltz tune that, occasionally heard, is not without charm, but for the most part 'Camille' is without musical ideas."

But the production, we are told, was generally admirable:

"The management of the Chicago Opera had clearly spared neither pains nor expense in order to win a triumph for the work. The mise-en-scène was of arresting beauty. The setting of the Parisian gaming house was, indeed, one of the most sumptuous examples of its kind that the Chicago stage has known in recent years.

"At the head of the cast was Miss Mary Garden, who, of course, was *Camille*. Miss Garden is so gifted with instinct for the theater that it was somewhat surprizing to behold her, at her entrance in the opening act, in a coiffure that evoked amusement from an audience that should have been imprest. What looked like three shocks of grain were evidently made into a wig intended to evoke memories of Sarah Bernhardt.

"It is scarcely possible to refer to the artist's singing, as Mr. Forrest gave her no opportunity to indulge in any; but homage may be paid, at least, to Miss Garden's handling of the scene between *Camille* and her lover's father. There she rose to her opportunities and ran through the gamut of emotional frenzy in a fashion which recalled some of her successes of earlier days."

Do We Love Shaw's Abuse?

SINCLAIR LEWIS has an advocate in Bernard Shaw. To make sure of his words, Shaw "delivered in his own handwriting" his reply to a New York *Times* correspondent who asked his opinion on the Stockholm address. *The Times* permits our reprint:

"As far as I am qualified to judge, Mr. Sinclair Lewis has said just the right thing in the right way to the Swedish Academy, and at his own countrymen. They will not resent it. They expect to be flattered; but far from being grateful to their flatterers, they accept the tribute as a matter of course, just as they accept the cleaning of their boots at a hotel.

"To rouse their eager interest, their distinguished consideration, and their undying devotion, all that is necessary is to hold them up to the ridicule of the rest of the universe. Dickens won them to him forever by merciless projections of typical Americans as windbags, swindlers, and assassins.

"Mr. Sinclair Lewis has knocked Washington off his pedestal and substituted *Babbitt*, who is now a European byword. Thereby he has become so indisputably America's leading author that at the early age of forty-five he has been marked out for the Nobel prize.

"I myself have been particularly careful never to say a civil word to the United States. I have scoffed at their inhabitants as a nation of villagers. I have defined the 100 per cent. American as 99 per cent. an idiot. And they just adore me and will go on adoring me until in a moment of senile sentimentality I say something nice about them, when they will at once begin to suspect me of being only a cheap skate after all, and drop me like a hot potato.

"Most of the things I say of them are obviously true of all peoples that on earth do dwell; but as the Americans can never believe that other nations could possibly resemble them, I get them every time, just as Mr. Sinclair Lewis does.

"I hope he will keep pegging away at them. Otherwise there will be no holding them."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THIS melodious little gem sounds a note of pathos, tho it is far from the cry that tradition gives us as sounding through the world, "Great Pan is dead." From *The Carmel Pine Cone* (Carmel-by-the-Sea, Cal.):

THE LAST FAUN

BY ROBERT H. STOWELL

From my cool covert, I ponder,
Watching the town;
Wearily, sadly I wander,
Up hill and down;

Hoping to find some poor fellow,
Lonely as I;
Piping an elfin strain, mellow,
Soft as a sigh.

Though I find naught in my straying,
Over the hill;
Once a young lad, at my playing,
Stopped and stood still.

A FITTING tribute to this rare spirit, whose centenary has just passed. In *The New Freeman* (New York):

EMILY DICKINSON

(1830—1930)

BY MELVILLE CANE

Inclosed within a hedge
Of privet, doubts and nays,
A burning spinster paced
Her clipped New England days.

While pretty singers droned
A local, nasal hymn,
She raised a timeless voice;
It reached the spatial rim.

She never saw a moor,
She never saw the sea,
Yet from a hilltop in her heart
She scanned Infinity.

WRENCHED from its native home, this soul's problem is stated, but unsolved, in the New York *Evening Post:*

PINES

BY JERRY EVANS

You, who have walked the sunburned breadth
of pines,
Sonant with music, passionate with still,
How will your spirit brook a street's sharp lines,
How follow its unsatiable will?

You will recall how smooth the shadows were,
Tilting their branchy passage from the sun;
You will remember each translucent spur
Pricking low-lying vapors, one by one;
And you will know soft needles underfoot—
Brown needles spattered with a fallen cone—
Loose needles, where a step may safely put
All of the wisdom to which it has grown.

You will remember something more than sound
Wind-swept, as from the great limbs, from the
small—
Something of melody far too profound
For any note to perish with its fall;
And you will think how potently you knew
The charity of peace—its simple balm—
Articulate in quiet swelling through
Trees cognizant of their unstudied calm.

You, who have walked the depth of pine woods,
sweet
With sunlit scent—warm to the open hand—
How will your heart surrender to a street?
How will your spirit ever understand?

FROM "German Students' War Letters" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), edited by A. E. Wedd, we extract the following as an effort toward the healing of the nations:

TO MY MOTHER

BY LUDWIG FRANZ MEYER

Student of Law, Freiburg i. Br. Born Dec. 9, 1894. Killed May 3, 1915, at Sochajew.
Krolowa Wola, February, 1915

Not we who fight, attack, and win or die,
Bear the most tragic wounds in this our fight,
For us full many an hour is gay and bright,
But from the mothers comes a bitter cry.

For if our life is hard, early and late,
Custom soon blunts us, and we little care,
It is the Mother who has most to bear,
Trembling and thinking always of our fate.

Sadly she turns away from dainty fare,
(To us dry bread is a delicious thing,
When all else fails 'tis food fit for a king!)
"Perhaps my son is hungry over there!"

"Where lies my son upon this bitter night?"
The pale dawn shines upon her sleepless head,
Cold 'neath the fleecy coverings of her bed,
She cannot rest for thinking of his plight.

We do not heed the noise of war and strife,
We do not heed the passing shells' shrill scream;
Each night she hears them whistle in a dream
And thinks each one has robbed her son of life.

Swiftly will peace our present ills repair;
Suffering and wounds will swiftly lose their
powers,
She still will bear the trace of those sad hours
In sorrow's silvery sheen on her soft hair.

I think that if some day we meet again,
Upon my knees I must fall humbly down
And kiss those silvered strands that form her
crown,
"Oh, Mother, see the fruit of all your pain!

Let me now kiss your dear white hands and say:
'Oh my sweet Mother, dearest of my heart,
In all this combat you have borne a part,
You are the greatest heroine of this day!'"

A PLEASANT view of heaven, without committing one to theological views, in *The Atlantic Monthly:*

NOW YOU ARE IN YOUR COUNTRY

BY FRANK KENDON

Now you are in your country,
And I, locked fast in mine,
Walk the white roads in silence,
And see my sun decline.

I see the whole west breaking
In flame again, to-night;
And earth to peace receding
Through valleys of delight.

Sleep in your pleasant country,
Lie down at last, content,
The hills of constant heaven
Your dream's bright battlement;

Know that the stars you talk with
Have eyes on fields at home,
Or buds on banks you dream of
Now break in scented foam;

For death has hung no silence,
Nor spring withheld one sign,
Since you turned to your country
And left me locked in mine.

IF geology outweighs sentiment in this poem, yet there is enough of both for interest. At least the New York *Sun* thought so in clipping it from the Kansas City *Star*, tho no author is given:

ON THE CLIFF

Wind in the treetops, wave on the sand,
You whisper things I can understand;

Things remembered and things forgot—
For you have knowledge that I have not.

Long is the way and overlong,
To where the sea chants evensong.

Yet echoes of waves forever still
Come to my ears on this inland hill;

And here where the rock is worn away
Is a shell from the seas of yesterday,

Shouldered up from the ocean-bed
When the cliff arose and the waters fled.

Forgotten sea—forgotten waves—
The cliff is a tombstone over their graves,

And the land-wind whispering through the trees
Speaks with the voices of vanished seas.

TO call on the technic of music and poetry, on mathematics, and on geology to assist, may help us to understand why the "divided" heart remained "like rock." This ingenious poem is from *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York).

PASTORALE

BY CLARA SHANAFELT

I had forgotten that hills could be like this,
I had forgotten the vastness and the stillness,
These slow appeasing rhythms made visible,
Swung in space—lento,
Like the slow movement of a symphony
Arrested in a long cæsura;
The colors of autumn melted, fused together,
Held as in the prism of an opal.

I had forgotten the high upland pastures,
Elegantly constrained
By the handsome and strict geometry of their
stone walls,
Smooth as park glades—
The earth's supple sensuous contours
Naked among her glorious jewels;
The bright separate flames of the trees,
Crisp cones and pyramids of shocking color—
Vermilion, magenta, amber, wine, gold—
The black stains of the evergreens blotted against
them;
The ragged gray of the torn granite;
The far pellucid amethyst horizons.

Rarely the sweet lyrical phrases of cow-bells
Seep like springs from fissures in the air—
An old pastoral music long forgotten;
The roads are deserted, the landscape empty else.
You smell the breath of the north—
Pungent, resinous, cold—
Passing the rocky virgin grottoes, ravines
Lit with their ancient candlelight of gold
Maple and birch, flaring among the hemlock and
spruce,
Their shadows.
Ferns green in imperishable elegance
Lift above hot drifts.

O why were we divided, our hearts, our flesh,
Our hard intractable minds cleft asunder
On such a day, in such a place. . . .
I burnt by the fire to madness and you like rock?

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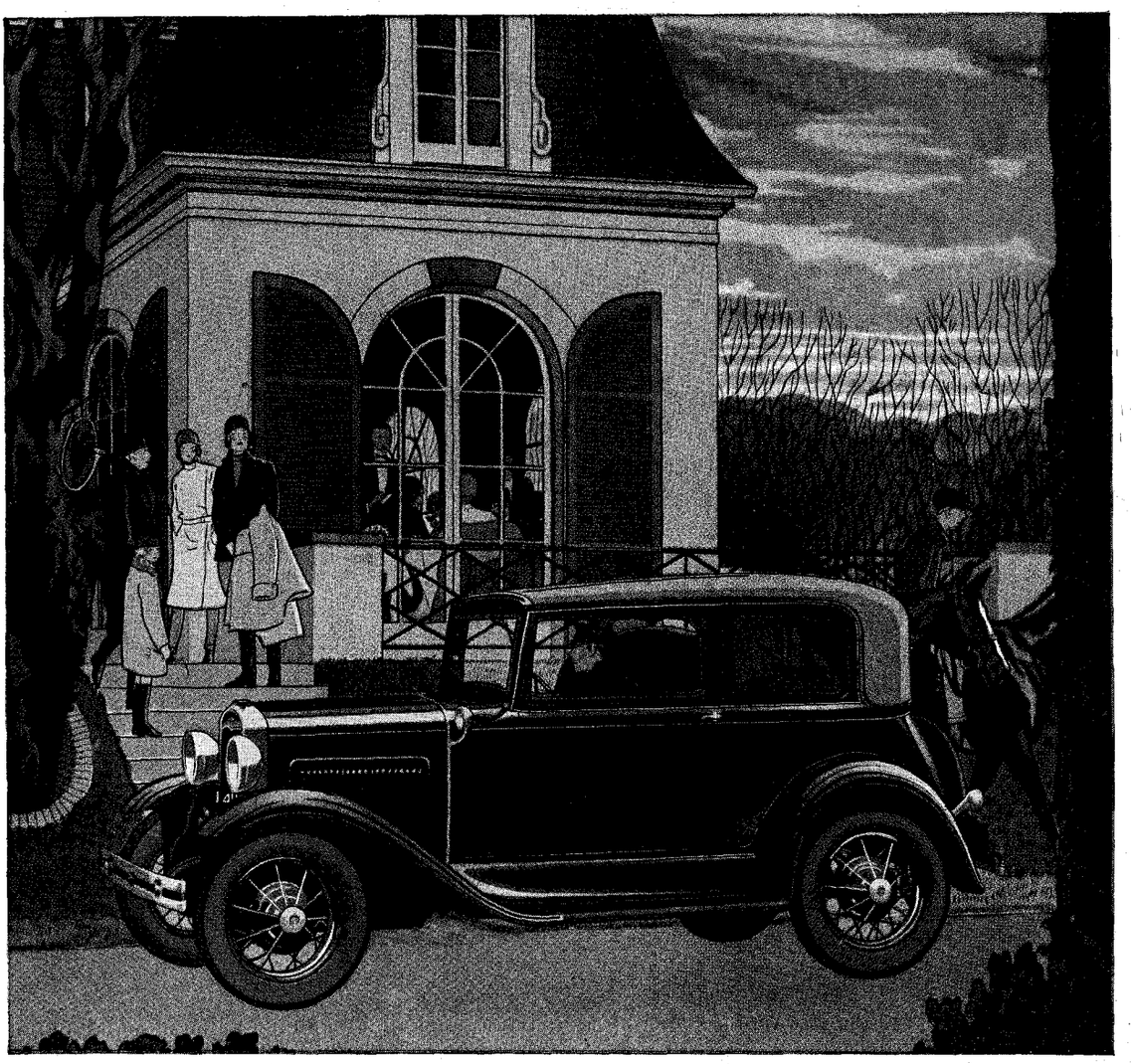
The New Ford Victoria



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THE newest, latest addition to the wide variety of Ford body types is the distinguished four-passenger Victoria. It marks a new degree of beauty and of value in a low-price car.

The striking lines of the Ford Victoria are especially apparent in the graceful sweep of the straighter, lower top, the slanting windshield and the curving bustle back, with the spare wheel set at a conforming angle. There is a suggestion of continental design also in the shape and size of the side windows and the intimate interior arrangement. The comfortable, deeply cushioned seats are upholstered in luxurious mohair or fashionable Bedford cord, optional with the purchaser. Appointments and hardware reflect the mode and manner of a custom-built automobile.

With all its new beauty and outstanding mechanical performance, the Ford Victoria sells at a low price. You may purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

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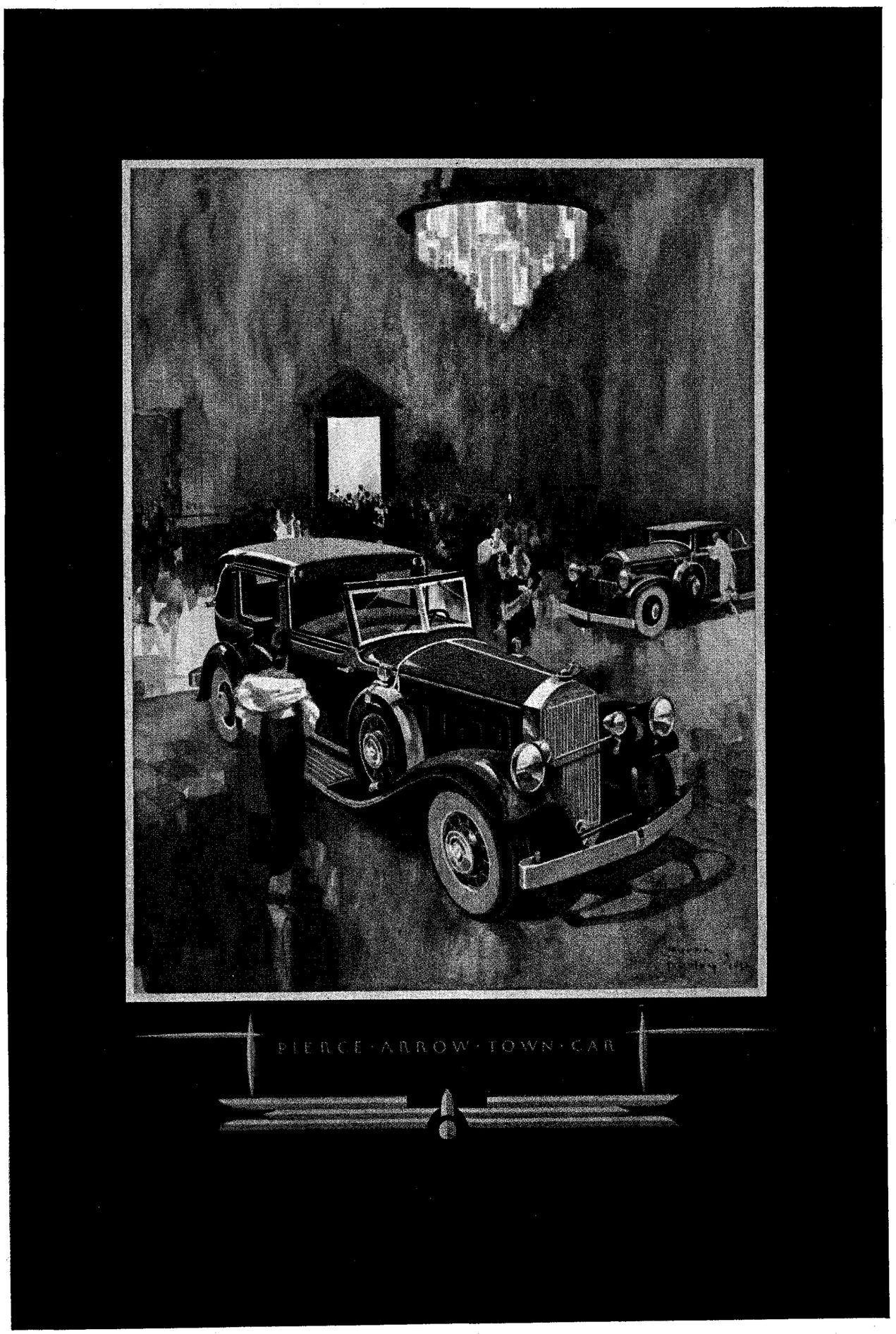

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with *Free Wheeling*: more spacious interiors: new elements of Pierce-Arrow beauty and luxury and *new and lower prices*

APART from the attractions of the new Pierce-Arrow price range . . . which affords savings in excess of $600 to $800 on many models . . . the new line embodies the most important automotive development of the past decade: *Free Wheeling!* A feature which adds to the already superlative quality of Pierce-Arrow power, the magic freedom and great economy of *momentum*.

The new Pierce-Arrows are very beautiful—and, if possible, more than ever in the patrician manner. The interiors are notable for new spaciousness, new loveliness. And added appointments further contribute to the Pierce-Arrow fame for surpassing luxury.

A deeper radiator lends fresh distinction to the famed contour of today's Pierce-Arrow front. New body and fender lines intensify the familiar suggestion of winged fleetness. Doors are wider, body panels lower, running boards of improved construction.

There are elements of added greatness, as well, under each new hood and in every chassis: Measurably increased power, for example . . . new devices for the absorption of road shocks, increased ease of handling, silencing of carburetors . . . not to mention the almost magical ease and quiet and security of the various controls. As always, in short, "*Pierce-Arrow mechanical detail embraces every device of proved character known to the engineering of fine motor cars.*"

NEW LOW PRICES

as much lower as

$810

Following are listed a few of the new models, showing some of today's prices compared with those of 1930:

NEW GROUP B

125 Horsepower . . . 134- and 137-inch Wheelbases

	Previous Models	New Models
5-passenger Sedan	$3495	$2685
5-passenger Club Sedan	3495	2785
7-passenger Sedan	3625	2995
7-passenger Enclosed Drive Limousine	3825	3145

NEW GROUP A

132 Horsepower . . . 142-inch Wheelbase

	Previous Models	New Models
7-passenger Sedan	$4485	$3825
7-passenger Enclosed Drive Limousine	4685	3995
4-passenger Convertible Coupe	3975	3650

In addition to the standard models, Pierce-Arrow announces a complete new line of *Salon Models:* Here is America's finest motor car in its most luxurious expressions . . . Pierce-Arrow at its patrician best, augmented by the efforts of famed Custom body-builders. The following are representative values:

SALON GROUP

132 Horsepower . . . 147-inch Wheelbase

4-passenger Convertible Coupe	$4275
7-passenger Sedan	4785
7-passenger Enclosed Drive Limousine	4985
Formal Town Car	6250

(Other Special Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

All Prices f. o. b. Buffalo

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

Master Minds on the Life Hereafter

IS IT ANY EASIER TO THINK of eternal death than of eternal life?

Do we live in a "mad universe" ruled by a "mad God"?

"No," comes the passionate cry from the majority of mankind.

Immortality is not a delusion and a snare.

God did not create man only to tire of him as a plaything and then wipe him from existence.

"Death," in the sonorous phrase of a Jewish theologian, "is not the last station of the soul's Calvary."

"The heart's hunger for survival," says a Roman Catholic, "is a natural appetite."

"For what has evolution been working," asks a Protestant minister, "if not for the production of a soul which shall survive the wrack and wreck of time?"

"The belief in immortality," wrote James Hervey Hyslop, "is the key-note to the arch of history, or the pivotal point about which move the intellectual, the ethical, and the political forces of all time."

But an agnostic asks, "How can I believe when I have no information on the subject?"

And others, honest men all, assert that neither history, nor science, nor theology affords any evidence of the survival of the soul.

And these are content to close the account with the grave.

Of perennial interest, then, the subject of immortality is brought to our attention again by Prof. Jacob Helder in his book, "Greatest Thoughts on Immortality" (Richard R. Smith, Inc., New York).

Professor Helder, who was formerly professor of Philosophy and the German Language and Literature in Mount Union-Scio College, ex-vice-president of the Modern Language Association of Ohio, and a Fellow in Psychology and Philosophy at Clark University, has compiled in this book a symposium from prominent Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish religious leaders, and from agnostics and those who affirm their disbelief. Many of the contributions are in personal letters to the author.

To turn to those who believe in immortality, and on it build their lives, we find Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Riverside Baptist Church, New York City, saying that to him the dénouement of eternal obliteration of man's struggles, aspirations, and sacrifices seems to reduce the whole process of the universe to irrationality. He puts his belief down thus:

"The spiritual values in man's life, goodness, truth, beauty, and love, seem to me not only too precious but too consubstantial with the reality which is behind all things to be regarded merely as the negligible and perishable by-products of a cosmic process that does not care for them.

"Upon the contrary, I must believe that they represent creative reality, that creative reality cares for them, that creative reality will preserve them, and in doing so will preserve the personalities in whom they always inhere."

ANOTHER liberal, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church of New York and editor of *Unity*, looks at it from an evolutionary standpoint. "If this universe is a mechanism and man only a cog in the cosmic machine," he writes, "then immortality is only one more of those delusions by which man has been beset from the beginnings of time."

"But if this universe is an organism, of which man is the flowering, then immortality is a fulfilment and justification of the cosmic process which is inevitable. For what has evolution been working through the ages if not for the production of a soul which shall survive the wrack and wreck of time?"

Speaking from the Roman Catholic view-point, the Rev. Francis Woodlock, S. J., preacher and lecturer at Jesuit Church, London, and professor of Logic, Psychology, Ethics, and Metaphysics at Stonyhurst, England, expresses a belief in the survival of the ego of "conscious, personal immortality." His studies have confirmed his childhood belief. To him, he writes, "the Cosmos would become Chaos if there is no immortality, if Death leaves the accounts of life unbalanced." As he goes on:

"The heart's hunger for survival is a natural appetite: were it to be without possibility of being assuaged, it would be as inexplicable as bodily hunger in man and animal life without there being in the whole universe such a thing as food. I do not assert that the eternal survival of all human souls can be convincingly established by reason: but Christian revelation, on which faith is based, here supplements philosophy.

"So 'give God time' is my plea to the agnostic. Don't judge Him as hard or unloving till the whole plan is revealed, any more than a drama is to be judged as a tragedy before the final curtain has fallen."

"IF there be no hereafter," says that distinguished Paulist father, the Rev. James M. Gillis, editor of *The Catholic World*, "to me at least life has neither meaning nor value. I can not believe that: I can not believe in a mad God and a mad universe. So I believe that this life is not an end, but a beginning."

Judaism, too, believes that God will not let His creature die. The thing that Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver of Cleveland, for instance, can conceive of least is his own death. He does not refuse to think of death; he does not know how to think of it.

Dr. Silver, who is president of the Bureau of Jewish Education, Cleveland, and editor of *World Unity*, says that he has no particular longing for immortality; but, he goes on:

"I am in the stream of life, and I can not escape it. My life began with the life of the universe, and can only end with it. It has surged through infinite cycles and phases of being. It will continue its appointed course uninterrupted.

"All things are alive, and in their transformations only pass into new forms and ways of life. Death is the peak of a life-wave, and so is birth. Death and birth are one.

"I would not lose my zest for living or my purpose in life if there were no immortality, but I would be deprived of the only intelligent conception of life of which I am capable.

"If we were strong enough to face death without sorrow, we could come to face immortality without joy.

"For the life we enter through death, if it be conscious life, must of necessity have its pain as well as its peace, its defeats as well as its victories. Death is not the last station of the soul's Calvary. 'The righteous have no repose either in this world or in the worlds to come. . . .'

"My comfort and my sustenance is not immortality, but God. His universe is perfect, and my destiny is part of His perfection—even my tears and all my broken hopes."

MEETING on their own ground those who deny immortality, Dr. Abraham Cronbach, professor of Social Studies at the Hebrew Union College and author of "The Social Creeds of the Churches," argues that the longing for immortality is not based on a desire for the survival of sense impressions, but on a desire to continue the quest for spiritual values. As he sees it—

"A continued existence, even if undemonstrable, is at least conceivable. Imagination and language can play with the idea. But the negation of immortality is an abandonment of all ideas, a paralysis of all thought, imagination, conception, and speech. It is not even a negation. It is but a succession of sounds arising from the pronunciation of words that are totally void of sense.

"Truth can not be with negation. It can be with affirmation; while midway between the two, some third possibility, unknown to us, may embody the reality of the matter to the largest extent of all."

OTHERS, celebrated in theology, in philosophy, in science, and in professorial chairs, give witness to their belief in continued existence, showing that the belief is not limited, as some maintain, to minds that have not yet outgrown the childhood of the race.

The agnostic point of view is presented by Dr. Lorado Taft, famous sculptor, as well, perhaps, as by any other. He has no

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belief. "How can I believe," he asks, "when I have no information upon the subject?"

"We can hope, and guess, and argue, but belief seems to me impossible in such a case. If an agnostic is a man who does not know, and honestly acknowledges this fact, then that is my classification.

"The average human life is an argument against immortality. What is there in its drab monotony to demand endless prolongment? Eternity is a very long time. The infinite continuation of myriads of meaningless existences is to me unthinkable. There are stewardships, however, like those of some of my friends, lives so rich, so eager, so compelling, that they seem like unanswerable arguments for the eternal life. Their fruition should not be thwarted by death. They have earned immortality!

"As the years of my pilgrimage increase in number, the subject grows less and less important to me. If the Creator had intended us to know, we should have been informed.

"If there is a future existence, I shall be there; if our dreams are not to be realized, we shall sleep. I have faith enough to trust that all will be well. I know nothing of the 'hopelessness and despair' that you attribute to my kind."

"Sick and Disgusted"

That is how Mayor Joseph L. Heffernan of Youngstown, Ohio, feels over trying to enforce the law.

On the negative side we may quote Henry L. Mencken, editor of *The American Mercury*, who takes an occasional delight at punching what he terms the "Bible belt" of the country. Saints and seers furnish him no evidence of immortality, and he wishes none. The desire for survival, he says, is by no means universal, and, speaking for himself, he writes:

"I lack it, and so do many other men. It is my hope, as it is my belief, that death is the end. Life is pleasant and I have enjoyed it, but I have no yearning to clutter up the universe, a shape without a habitation or a name, after it is all over."

When a Mayor Surrenders

TIRED, HE SAYS, of trying to make people obey laws they don't want to obey, Mayor Joseph L. Heffernan of Youngstown, Ohio, has dismissed the city's vice squad. The local situation he describes as hopeless as "the moral outlook of the entire nation."

In a phrase it is mass disobedience with which Mayor Heffernan finds himself and the police confronted, and his indictment of his city and the nation rings out in measured terms.

The troublesome question of law enforcement he divides into two parts.

First is the mental condition of the American people. "In recent years," he says, as press dispatches quote him, "we have dedicated ourselves to the dominant ideal of getting money." This thought has permeated the whole nation, and "the result is universal corruption and lawlessness." And as he sees it,

"The only hope for improvement is that the American people will awaken to the alarming moral degeneracy that has come over them, and develop new standards of ethics and common honesty.

"At present we are all tarred with the same stick. Our community is no better and no worse than another.

"Al Capone is the personification of the day, and Caponeism the beautiful flower of our national philosophy."

THE second part, says Mayor Heffernan, pertains to the Youngstown Police Department "as an expression of the American ideal." He explains:

"The department is representative of our community. It is composed of men selected from the neighbors with whom we live.

"If they are unfit, then it must be remembered that they are representative of us all, and in their persons bespeak the atmosphere in which they live.

"Their shame is our shame. We all share the disgrace of failure.

"My experience as Mayor has taught me that it is impossible to find men in our community who will satisfactorily perform police work. That experience is also evident in every other city of America.

"All we can do now is to try again. We can discharge the vice squad as we have done before. We can reorganize the Police Department as we have done before, and we can get a new chief as we have done before, but it is all hopeless.

"Law enforcement will never be a reality until the American people cease their sloppy hypocrisy, and get down to common honesty and common decency.

"I am sick and disgusted with the futility of trying to make policemen enforce laws to govern people who refuse to obey their own laws. It has been a sad experience."

DOUBTLESS, we are told, other mayors will feel with the Mayor of Youngstown.

But is surrender the right strategy?

Admittedly the conditions have created a serious problem, comments the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, "but there will be no arguing with a public official whose talk suggests governmental surrender. It was precisely against that attitude that President Hoover issued his recent statement emphasizing the fundamental duty of States and local authorities to combat criminality and free themselves of any conditions weakening their rule."

A similar attitude is taken by the Houston *Post-Dispatch*. The Texas paper admits "a serious deterioration in the moral fiber of a considerable portion of the American people since the war. It is reflected in the wide-spread disregard of law, in the popular indifference to the existence or exposure of graft and corruption in public office, in the baser standards of conduct accepted by many of the younger generation, in the lessened interest in religion, in the tolerance of a stage reeking with filth and blasphemy, and a screen too often sunk in degradation."

Moreover, says *The Post-Dispatch:*

"There is no doubt that we Americans have overemphasized law enforcement while underestimating law obedience, and what is more important, the cultivation of high ideals.

"In advance of the failure of the law-enforcement agencies is the measurable failure of the home, the school, and the Church.

"A defeatist attitude on the part of those whose duty it is to enforce the law does not help the situation any, however. A whining official is a detriment. Judges and prosecuting attorneys who whine about the difficulties of enforcing the Prohibition law, encourage liquor-law violations.

"This is a day when men of strong hearts, men who will dare to do their duty whether its performance seems to be popular or immediately fruitful, are needed."

BUT the Springfield *Union* believes the cap doesn't fit. The fault is with the laws, not with the people.

The people of Youngstown are as orderly and law-abiding as American citizens anywhere else, says *The Union*. It sees no reason to believe that these particular people "are any worse than they were before laws that they do not sanction were thrust upon them under the delusion that people can be made better by mere statutory acts." Therefore, *The Union* argues:

"If laws do not come up from the natural inclinations or belief of a great majority of people and have their sanction in the interests of law and order, they are not effective and it is a question whether they can legitimately be called laws."

So, too, the Tampa *Tribune*, which says that the trouble "was provoked and promoted by Prohibition. Prohibition developed [illegible] contempt for law—primarily for the Prohibition law itself and then, by degrees, extending to other laws."

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Wanted--New Dry Leadership

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE must surrender leadership in the dry fight to a new organization without church affiliation.

This is the surprizing demand of *The Christian Century*, a Chicago undenominational weekly, which is one of the driest and most ardent of all dry advocates.

Tho Prohibition may have originated in the churches, it is not, says *The Christian Century*, a church measure, and the activities of the Anti-Saloon League at Washington and at the State capitals have endangered the movement's very life. It is, therefore, to save what has been achieved that this devout defender of the dry cause cries out for a change in leadership—a leadership which will be rooted in the citizenry of the country, and not in any special group or agency.

"Organized religion," declares the Chicago weekly, "has no business occupying a permanent seat at the National or at State capitals for political purposes. It subjects itself to the charge of wielding the policeman's club. And it gives the enemy a plausible ground for charging that the churches are imposing Prohibition on the country."

The League, it is noted, is under criticism from every side, and the effect is noticed in a steadily decreasing income, in a shrinking list of supporters, and in the closing of many churches to its appeal for funds.

Simon Legree and Uncle Tom

—Kirby in the New York "World."

The cartoonist's figure which a dry editor says "has had more effect upon public psychology than all the wet arguments."

But this attitude, cautions *The Christian Century*, is not due to a weakening of conviction on Prohibition. Rather it is due to a desire to save Prohibition, now under a general assault all along the line.

COMING to specific criticisms of the League, this uncompromising dry recites:

"One of the most damaging grows out of such incidents of policy as the League's support of Frank L. Smith for Senator from Illinois, and its recent opposition to Senator Norris of Nebraska, which make it appear that the League sees only one issue, and that it will condone malfeasance in office if a man is dry, or punish a great social prophet who steps out of the dry path for conscience' sake in a single campaign.

"Yet another is a more or less vague feeling that the net effect of the League's policy is to ally the idealism of the Prohibition movement with the forces of political and economic conservatism. This criticism grows out of the observation that liberal dry Senators and Congressmen seem averse to being identified with League policies or leaders while the same aversion is not so apparent in the case of conservative drys.

"These critics hold that the political idealism of Prohibition naturally allies it with political liberalism.

"Another criticism applies to the internal organization of the League. In its practical working, the League is described under this criticism as a dictatorship, with almost absolute power lodged in the hands of the national superintendent.

"Since this officer names the State superintendents, who in turn name him, it is almost inevitable that the policy of the League will be set by the national superintendent without any real criticism from within the rest of the organization."

Complaints have been voiced, too, we are told, against the League's "narrow policy in stressing the political side of Prohibition to the neglect of the educational side," against the quality of its statesmanship and against its financial policy.

And back of every such specific complaint, we read, "lies the vague feeling that the Anti-Saloon League is not the appropriate agency for the work in which it is engaged. It is trying to do something which *it* ought not to do." And, further:

"It reflects upon the character of the achievement to have a special group, and especially a religious group, stand forth as the master custodian and conservator of the law.

"It is the sense of this incongruity which, we believe, underlies all the criticisms now being leveled at the League by the drys themselves.

"The thing does not feel like real democracy. It is not secular enough. The basis of the organization is not broad enough. It seems like an unwarranted grasping of political power by the Church.

"Its effect is to tell the nation that Prohibition is the Church's pet law.

"To which the rest of the nation is inclined to reply, Very well, let the Church get it enforced if it can!"

THIS is dry opinion, "shared no less by churchmen themselves than by non-churchmen." Turning to the wet camp, *The Christian Century* observes that—

"Prohibition has been made odious by the wet press which has characterized it as clericalism, puritanism, and church dictatorship.

"The cartoonist's figure of the long-faced, long-haired, long-coated, long-nosed, tall-hatted personage carrying a bulging umbrella, and lifting a long warning finger, has had more effect upon public psychology than all the wet arguments and speeches and editorials taken together.

"The devilish injustice of this caricature needs no comment here. But the drys must confess that in setting up an agency of the Church as the common denominator of the entire dry electorate of the nation they have invited such a caricature, and lent plausibility to it."

THE conclusion is obvious to *The Christian Century:*

"The dry electorate of the nation now faces the duty of creating an organization whose basis rests upon citizenship as such, whose roots are in patriotism and loyalty to the Constitution, whose support is dependent upon no special group within the body politic, but upon the determination of those citizens who believe in Prohibition as a national policy to see to it that it is enforced, and that the law is invested with the political and economic dignity which of right belongs to it.

"The time is short in which to effect this constructive program. But it is long enough.

"The animating purpose of those who set about such a task must be to emancipate Prohibition from its apparent religious exclusiveness, to divest it of the habiliments of Protestant churchism, and to set it up in the market-place, the forum, the halls of legislation, the voting booth, and in the press as an enterprise of democracy itself, capable of validation in terms of social welfare, industrial necessity, and economic progress; and wholly congenial to the genius of our political institutions.

"There is plenty for the Church to do without seeming to usurp a function which belongs to and will be better done by the dry electorate itself, organized as democracy 'in action against the liquor traffic.'

"The Anti-Saloon League can, by the very nature of its tradition, its auspices and the sources of its support, represent only one unit of the body of dry public opinion. It should seek to represent no more."

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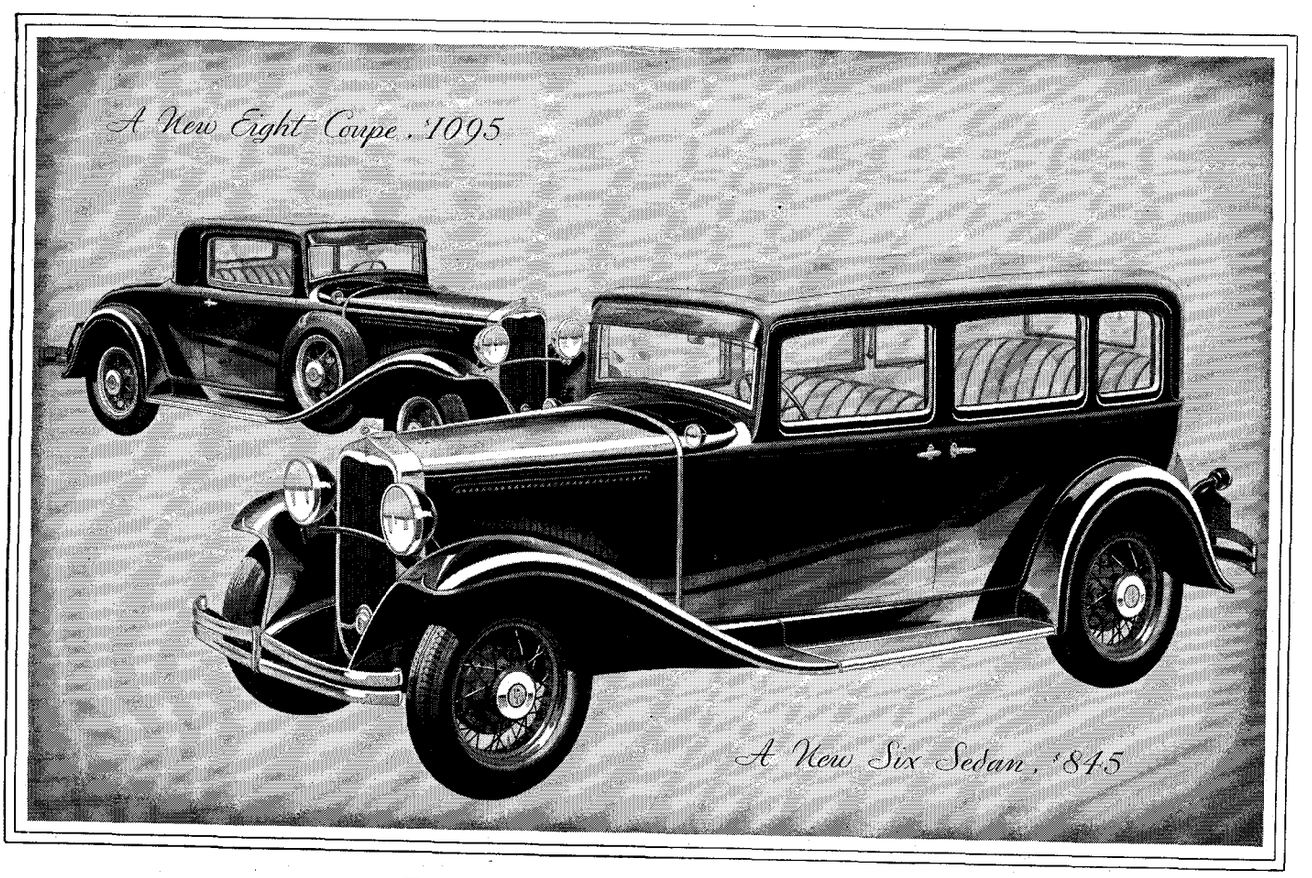
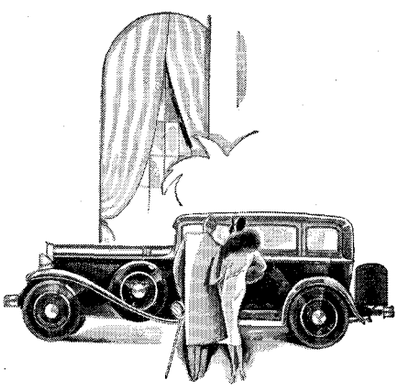


New Beauty now graces DODGE DEPENDABILITY

Dodge Brothers present a new Dodge Six and a new Dodge Eight—the most beautiful, comfortable and able cars in Dodge history. ∞ It continues to be Dodge Brothers conviction that the most important thing about a motor car is that it be a *good* motor car—so designed and so built of sound materials that it may last long and operate dependably. ∞ The new Dodge Six and Eight demonstrate that it is possible to incorporate in cars of Dodge quality at Dodge Brothers traditional price-levels a measure of beauty, size and performance far beyond anything that moderate price has previously commanded. ∞ The value represented in such cars will be instantly apparent to every motor car buyer.



DODGE

New Dodge Six $815 to $845, New Dodge Eight $1095 to $1135; Standard Six $735 to $835, Standard Eight $995 to $1095. Prices f.o.b. factory

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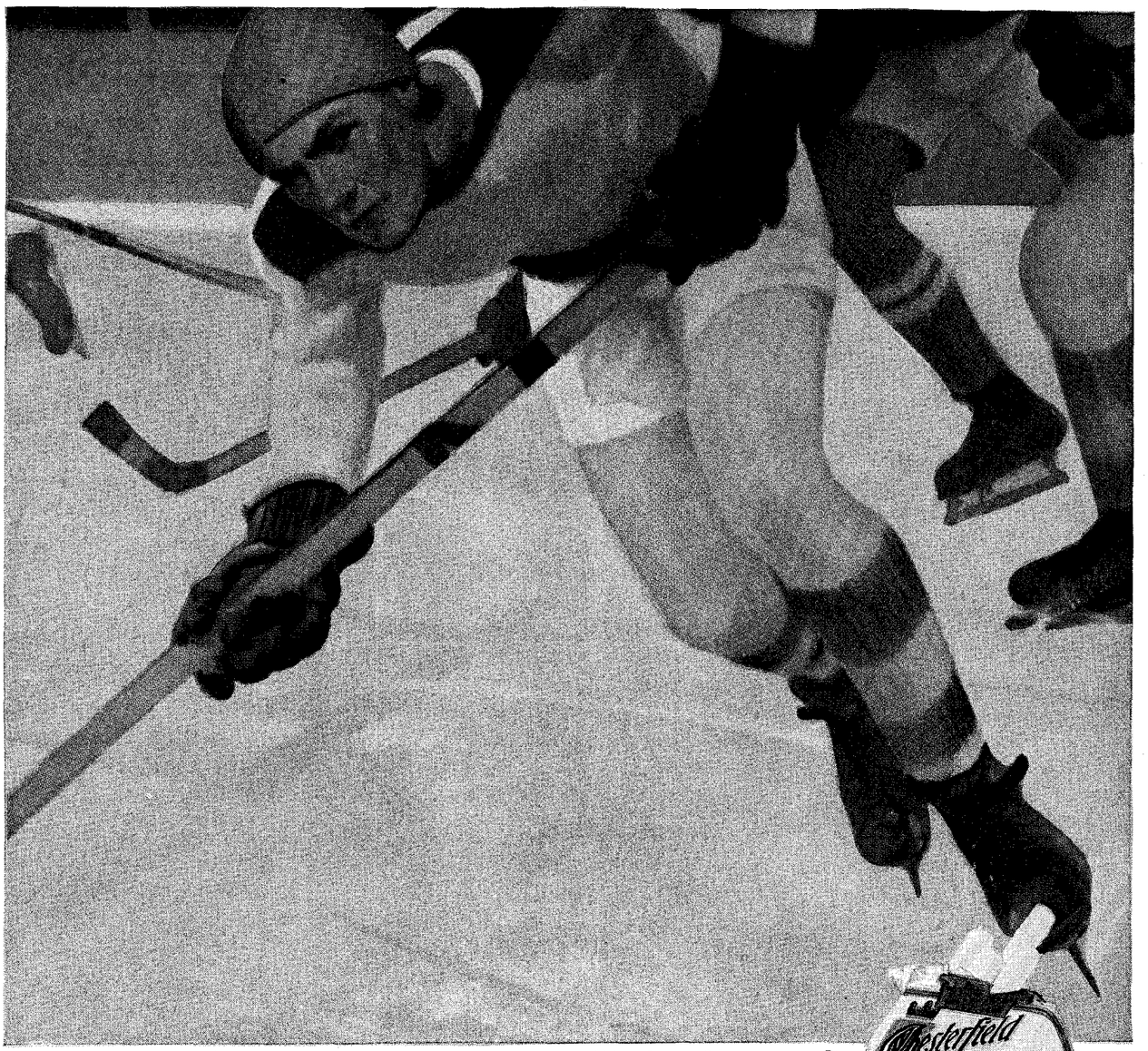
ONE *will always stand out!*



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Straight to the goal...

Streaking over a mirror of ice, the hockey star seems everywhere at once... but he never forgets that the winning shot must go straight for the net.

Chesterfield, too, takes the sure, undeviating course to the one goal that counts in a cigarette—the fragrant mildness and richer aroma of fully ripened tobaccos—entirely free from harshness or irritation, in short—

MILDER . . . . *and* BETTER TASTE

They Satisfy
—that's *Why!*

Chesterfield

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

To Save Gas and Remove Poison

ELIMINATION OF WASTE GAS from the exhaust of a gasoline engine, thus saving fuel and at the same time burning the poisonous carbon monoxid, results, it is claimed, from a device just invented by Dr. Miller Reese Hutchison.

Dr. Hutchison, the well-known inventor of the Klaxon horn, the acousticon, the dictograph, and many other devices, formerly Edison's chief engineer and personal representative, has been working at his invention for several years.

It will, he asserts, save the nation a billion dollars a year in fuel, and all the lives now lost annually by carbon-monoxid poisoning through exhaust gas.

Writes a correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"The device weighs only one and one-half pounds, and actually gives a quantitative analysis of the exhaust fuel gases from the engine to which it is attached.

"The scientist said that the death of his second son, Harold, in an airplane crash in 1928 was responsible for his study into the efficiency of airplanes. He resolved to make airplane motors safer, and his invention was the first to come from long study of mechanical flight. His eldest son, John, is a pilot, and has made flight tests on the earlier models of the device during the past six months.

"The figures on which Dr. Hutchison based his predictions as to the economic effect of the instrument were collected by him as he and his son flew about the country measuring each drop of fuel used in the plane, and calibrating the results with the speed graphs of both plane and engine.

"Briefly the inventor described the instrument and its action. Taking from his pocket a small cigar-lighter, he said:

"'As a cigar-lighter, this is a remarkably inefficient article, but it will serve to illustrate perfectly the phenomena on which my new invention is based.'

"He pulled the cap off the lighter and inserted its tiny platinum wires into the orifice where the alcohol vapors were escaping. As they glowed red, he said, 'We have demonstrated that platinum becomes vibrant with heat in the presence of unburned fuel gases. If we can evolve a means of measuring the amount of heat so generated, we can detect the strength of such gases in the exhausts of motors.'

"Stepping through a maze of partially completed experiments, he came to a bunsen burner to which he had attached a small pipe at the jet to collect some of the burned gases. The small pipe led to a small glass globe in which four wires were arranged. From the globe two tiny wires led to a milliammeter, which registered the smallest portions of electric energy passed through the four wires of the globe.

"Gradually he lessened the amount of air at the base of the bunsen burner. As the flame turned yellow he said:

"'That flame is now wasting gas. It is also generating carbon monoxid, because it is choked for air, and can not actuate complete combustion. As soon as the exhaust gases reach that bulb it will heat those two platinum wires, increase their resistance, and the electric current will be forced through the two nickel wires which are also in the bulb.'"

AFTER further explanation, Dr. Hutchison started a small gasoline engine near the window. It also was equipped with the new invention, and as it ran Dr. Hutchison operated it with various loads and at several speeds in illustration of his device. Says the writer:

"The exhaust stack passing through the window belched white smoke and invisible carbon monoxid gas as he choked the carbureter, and each variation of mixture adjustment manifested itself on the dial of the milliammeter. When the motor was running at the proper adjustment with the needle of the milliammeter showing only 3 per cent. waste, the exhaust gases were non-poisonous, and practically free from unburned fuel, Dr. Hutchison said. In addition it was running under the proper fuel mixture in that the least amount of fuel was consumed."

WHILE the invention was primarily designed for airplane use, it will be entirely applicable to trucks, buses, and automobiles without any change in construction, Dr. Hutchison pointed out. The only extra equipment necessary will be an auxiliary air valve on the intake of the engine, which must be controlled from the driver's seat, so that more air can be injected as the indicator shows carbon-monoxid content in the exhaust gas.

"Dr. Hutchison said that the general health of the city would be improved by general use of the instrument, and that the practise of alternating the detail of traffic police on busy streets, where they now can be kept at work only a short while before carbon-monoxid poisoning makes them inclined to anemia, will be eliminated.

"Dr. Hutchison described the invention as an infallible and intelligent means of eliminating the guesswork of carburetion.' By continually analyzing the exhaust gases and showing the amounts of unburned fuel, drivers or pilots will be able to make correct fuel adjustments instantly, save their fuel, and help in the world-wide campaign for better health and efficiency."

Acme Newspicture

To Save a Billion a Year

In fuel, and all the lives now lost annually by carbon monoxid through exhaust gas, is the aim of Dr. Hutchison, seen here with his new device.

Another Plan for Cheap Oceanic Power

ANOTHER possibility of getting cheap power from natural features of the earth like rivers or oceans, as Dr. Georges Claude is now attempting to get power from the ocean, off the coast of Cuba, by aid of a great steel tube sunk to the ocean bottom, to bring up cold water, has been suggested by M. C. Raveau to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, the same scientific body to which Dr. Claude first suggested the scheme which he is now carrying out. Says Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science:*

"It may be possible, Mr. Raveau believes, to extract power from the fresh waters of rivers as these enter the salty waters of the sea.

"If a tank of salt water and one of fresh water were connected to each other by a pipe and a vacuum or partial vacuum created, water vapor resembling Dr. Claude's low-pressure steam will evaporate from the fresh-water tank and condense in the salt-water one. This steam may be used, Mr. Raveau believes, to turn a special type of turbine, and thus to generate power."

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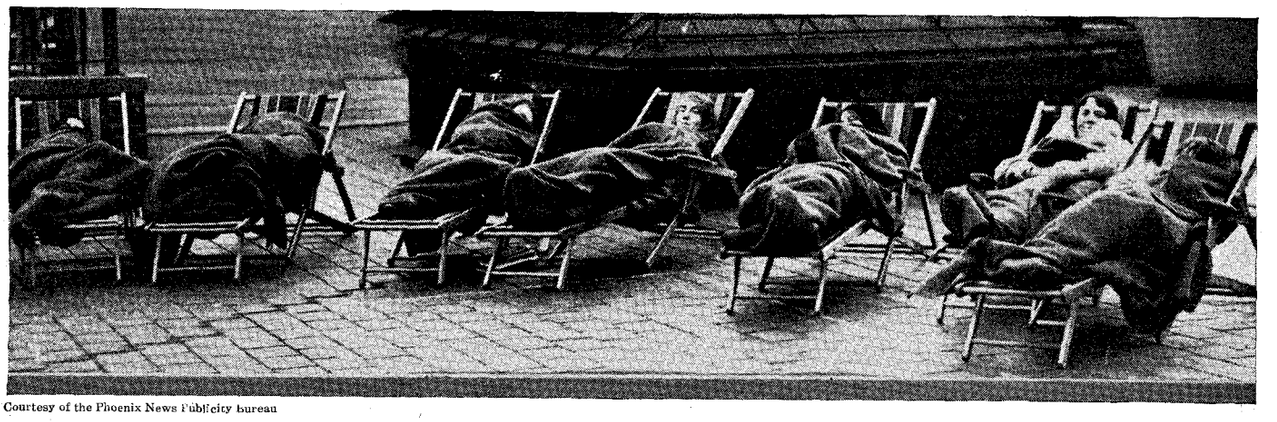

Courtesy of the Phoenix News Publicity bureau

And They Get College Credits for This: "Rest-Cure Classes" for the Girls at Barnard College

Rest Cure for College Girls' Fagged Nerves

TO COMBAT CHRONIC FATIGUE and to forestall malnutrition, colds and other ailments that accompany physical and nervous exhaustion, Barnard College, the women's department of Columbia University, New York, has inaugurated open-air classes in rest and relaxation.

These classes are prescribed to take the place of the required three-periods-per-week of physical activity, and substitute-credits for the rest and relaxation classes are given to students who are not deemed physically fit to follow the regular courses in gymnasium work, dancing, or swimming, that make up the physical education requirements. We read in a press bulletin issued by the college:

"Canvas deck chairs have been arranged in rows on the roof of Barnard Hall, sheltered from the full blast of the wind by high parapets, and the classes take place here on sunny days. On stormy days a fresh-air room in the building is used.

"Students assigned to these rest classes are taken up to the roof by the nurse in charge, who wraps them in woolen rugs, and sees that they are well protected against the cold.

"Hot bouillon or hot coco are served on cold days. A new sun lamp, whose rays are said to approximate mid-summer rays of the sun, has been purchased for use in the open-air room on rainy days.

"Five open-air rest classes a day, in the morning and afternoon, are held.

"All talking and reading is prohibited, and students are encouraged to sleep during this period.

"At the present time there are fifty-seven students in the classes, and all of them are said to have gained in weight. One student has gained eight pounds in the past month. These classes are held under the supervision of Dr. Gulielma Alsop, college physician.

"'Barnard College has realized that it has a unique problem to face which many women's colleges in the country escape—that of overfatigue from the incessant rush and strain of the life of the city and indoor living,' said Dr. Alsop. 'This cumulative overfatigue results in chronic malnutrition with a susceptibility to frequent colds and in an overstimulation of thyroid glands, with underweight and 'nervousness.'

"'The greatest handicap to students at college is the prevalence of colds in the winter months, with their increasingly dangerous sinus complications. These rest classes are designed particularly to avoid the conditions of fatigue that make colds possible.'

"After a student at Barnard has had one cold, she is placed on the 'cold susceptible' list, with a diet, which includes cod-liver oil, cold showers, and a daily walk in the sun. She is advised to buy a personal thermometer for her room in order to keep it between 65 and 68 degrees Fahrenheit.

"No 'cold-susceptible girl' is allowed to use the swimming pool between November and April, and diving restrictions are placed on many of the students who receive swimming permission for the winter months. In extreme cases of chronic sinus the girl's physical activity is confined entirely to the open. The common difficulty of arranging this in a city college has been overcome at Barnard, where the roof of Barnard Hall has been equipped as an open-air play-field to supplement the campus court."

German Bouquet for American Surgery

MOST AMERICANS HAVE BUT a vague notion of the brilliance and efficiency of surgery as carried on to-day in the United States.

Our country lives in an era of surgical technique blending the beauty of an art with the exactness of a science.

One factor in the triumph of American surgery over some of the gravest human maladies is found in the use of chemical therapy.

Another is the evolution of the local anesthetic, tending to replace the old general anesthesia.

Nor must the exquisite skill of the surgeon himself be overlooked. He acquires this skill in part by practise, in part by aptitude, in part from long training.

Yet another factor in the marvels wrought nowadays by American surgery is the team-work of all concerned.

The brilliant and distinguished Dr. A. W. Meyer of Berlin, after a tour of American hospital operating rooms, notes further in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift:*

"The impression derived from American surgical work is overwhelming, because in the great clinics one finds operations carried out on a grand scale, which leaves the European, however accustomed to competent work, simply dumfounded.

"It is clear that a skilled and technically well-equipped surgeon acquires fine practise by operating on a great scale.

"This very practise, in an operation not often undertaken and not in his line, might mislead him; indeed this happens in the United States just as it does here in Germany.

"Delight in technique is highly developed, and this pleased me very much.

"An operation may be performed this way or that, swiftly or prolonged for hours, elegantly or inelegantly, yet in the final result all is done with perfect care and with anxious heed to bone and tissue (the way one would want such an operation performed upon oneself) so that the patient emerges from it safe and sound.

"I believe that in the long run only he can succeed in surgical work who takes a joy in the operating technique—who strives in any and every detail of it, however slight, to learn something.

"Only thus can surgical manipulation remain resourceful and a source of enthusiasm to the operator with valid claims to intellectual endowment.

"No incision, no ligature should seem tedious to the operator.

"A lofty sense of the importance of technique implies both mental and physical demands so great upon any conscientious surgeon that most of those who work in America are scrupulous in maintaining the balance between their capacity and their skill.

"Hence for the most part they operate but three times a week, and on Saturdays and Sundays they rest completely."

AT the beginning of every operation, notes the German physician, an American surgeon and his assistants strip themselves completely.

They next don a union suit of woven material, as well as white trousers and belt and white linen shoes, rubber-soled.

These are provided by the hospital. He goes on:

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We thought we had all COOL CUSTOMERS

... but perhaps we've made 2,000,000 wrong guesses!

Recently we heard a rumor that puzzled. We'd always thought everybody liked Spuds simply because Spuds were cool. But the rumor had that you're-crazy-in-so-many-words note to it.

Was our hunch wrong? We got our investigators to pack their traveling-bags. We equipped them with one straight question. They started circling throughout the country . . . amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

Reporters-at-Large

Fast boys, these investigators...but, of course, they couldn't get to every one of the 2,000,000 Spud enthusiasts. Yet they interviewed representative hundreds of them. They button-holed them on doorsteps . . . on street corners . . . in hotel lobbies, railroad stations, and miniature golf courses. They cornered them in drug stores and tobacco shops and restaurants . . . wherever chance revealed a Spud smoker.

"Just what do you like about Spuds?" was our one insistent question.

And the majority of answers never mentioned the word "coolness" alone.

But they did show that, to the long list of Spud enjoyments, Spud fans have added yet another.

From Connoisseurs to Cranks

We met a lot of 2-pack-a-day smokers. They said, "You can smoke Spuds all day and still have a clean, comfortable mouth at bedtime."

A before-breakfast smoker (we met a lot of those veterans) summed it up this way. "A Spud first thing in the morning," he explained, "isn't just another layer of morning-mouth, if you get me . . ."

Tobacco cranks, fellows who prided themselves on being good judges of blend and leaf, said, "Spuds give you a cleaner taste . . . a sort of uncoated taste . . . that's why you can always appreciate their darn good tobacco blend . . . no matter if you smoke them one after another."

Pipe smokers seemed just about unanimous in describing Spud as "a great change-off smoke." And several added, "That's because you get a clean taste."

We came across a surprising number of men who were "off" their regular brand. They had switched to Spuds. "I tell you there's a cleaner taste about Spuds that's revived my enjoyment in cigarettes," one of them kept saying.

Of course, everybody admitted noticing Spud's super-coolness. But, after smoking a pack or two, people found that this sensation of coolness passed. What they came to notice (and evidently like) was that Spuds kept their mouths continually moist-cool and comfortably clean.

Something More Than Coolness

In other words, our hunch wasn't one hundred per cent right.

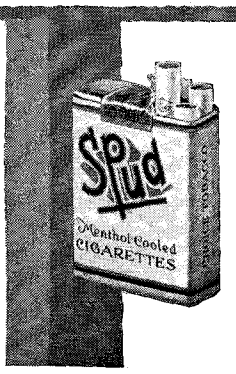
It's not entirely Spud's cooler smoke. It's also Spud's *cleaner taste!* That's the ever-lasting, ever-growing *effect* of Spud's coolness!

We weren't exactly blind to this product of Spud's coolness. We've been calling it "mouth-happiness." But whatever the Spud enjoyment sensation is, ladies and gentlemen . . . greater coolness or cleaner taste . . . this all ties up with what we're sure of. Spud *is* the great new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

Two or three packs a day . . . puff after puff of Spud's lusty, full-tobacco fragrance . . . and you're still mouth-happy!

If Spuds have puzzled you, try them again on this new basis! Stay with Spuds and let them prove this continual "clean taste." It's a natural!

The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U. S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

THE MOUTH-HAPPY SMOKE

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The operating garb in America is usually white.

"The illumination is a combined overhead daylight, and a special circle of lamps designed to make shadowless operating possible.

"If this sort of lighting be found inadequate—and this is often the case in brain surgery—every operator then dons his own forehead lamp, a most powerful device, fed by a power socket in the wall.

"Other operators may get their light from a cylindrical or circular lamp wrapt in sterilized material at the handle.

"At most operations I noted a surprizingly large number of assistants.

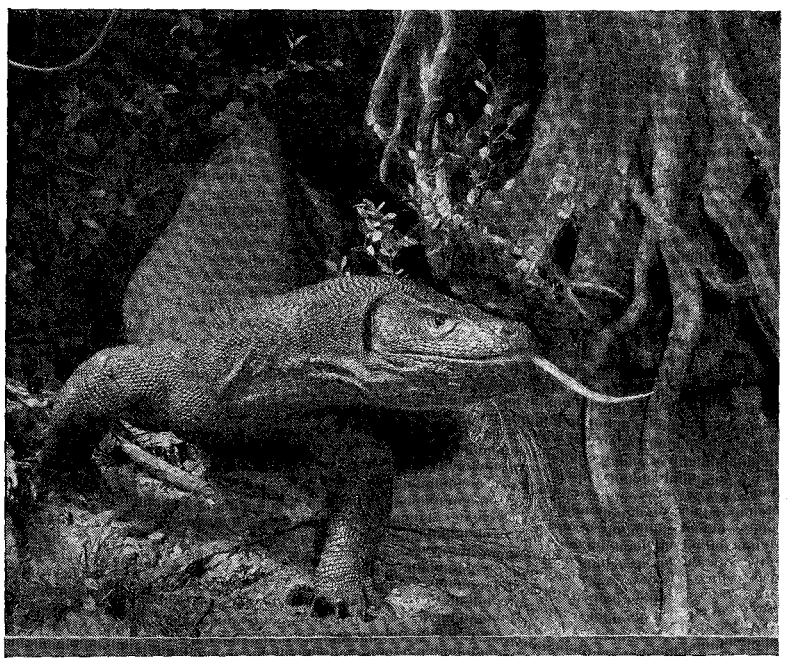
"In addition to two, or even three, cooperating, there was an assistant for the instruments, and even a nurse in charge of these, as well as a nurse attending to the great sterilized table made ready specially every morning in preparation for the operations to be performed.

"This great table has a roofing and a side covering of sterilized cloth, so that any atom of descending dust, and even a breeze, may be excluded.

"At every operation a vacuum-cleaning device is at hand.

"This may be run by a water-jet pump, or it is connected (as is usual in most cases) with a power source in the wall, where connections are likewise made for higher pressure contacts, oxygen, carbonic acid, vaporized narcotics, and the like."

DR. MEYER speaks especially of one operation for tumor on the left lobe of the brain. The patient's right hand was nearly paralyzed. The operation is described in detail, and then, we read:



Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York

"It Was a Real Monster, Huge and Hoary"

But Douglas Burden collected fourteen. This is one of them.

"Right after the operation, the patient can move the hand which was paralyzed before.

"If one had not witnessed this himself, it would seem like a miracle.

"The patient, now fully conscious, speaks cheerfully, and warmly shakes an offered hand.

"This marvelous operation was to me a joy such as I never before experienced."

Another Shooting-Star Story

LIKE the young man, Lawrence Swank, whose encounter with a meteorite was described in THE DIGEST, recently, a lawyer of Lincoln, Nebraska, John L. Mattox, also in an automobile, has a tale to tell of an authentic "shooting star" that narrowly missed his machine.

Mr. Mattox writes to THE DIGEST that, by a curious coincidence, he and Jack Cejnar, who reported the Swank incident and was quoted by us, were working together on the Lincoln *Star* (appropriately), at the time.

Here is Mr. Mattox's narrative:

"Several years ago, I was returning to Lincoln from the east, just after sunset one evening, when a meteorite flashed through the sky and embedded itself in the hard surface of the black dirt highway, about 150 feet ahead of my car.

"The flash so blinded me that I automatically brought the car to a stop. Just ahead was a small hole in the ground, with smoke curling up out of it.

"I got out and found the meteorite, still glowing a cherry red, buried about three inches in the hardest part of the roadway.

"I dug it out with a tire iron, and later I turned it over to Professor Barbour of the department of geology of the University of Nebraska. I believe it is still in the university museum.

"The stone, somewhat smaller than a hen's egg, was a dull grayish-brown in color. Most of the surface was glazed as by terrific heat, but in some places fragments apparently had been broken off.

"This meteorite came from the northeast, and passed through the air with a sound not unlike the whine of a rifle bullet."

What Is Left of the Dragons

IN THE MYTHICAL WORLD of remote antiquity, the dragons play a very large part.

The legends perhaps embody a recollection of the world of the great saurian lizards of the Jurassic and Cretaceous periods, some of them one hundred feet long.

But their successors still live on a small scale, on the little island of Komodo, east of Sumatra and Java. Before the war pearl fishermen brought strange news of dragon lizards, told to them by the natives of Komodo. The Zoological Museum of Buizenborg of Java undertook an expedition to this island of dragons, and came back with some booty. But the remembrance of the Dragon Island was buried by the war. Writes Rudolf Hundt in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig):

"Now we have learnt further particulars through an expedition of an American, Douglas Burden, who, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, has explored the island of Komodo. A total of fourteen of the mythical dragons was collected. Of these, three were living dragons, which by means of bait had been caught in traps. Some of these are in the Zoological Gardens of New York and Amsterdam.

"The only human inhabitants of the Dragon Island are forty convicts confined there by the Rajah of the neighboring island, Soembawa. Besides these, pearl fishermen come now and then to Komodo. But the most remarkable inhabitants of Komodo are the dragons, carnivorous lizards that reach a length of ten feet. These lizards are looked upon as the last survivors of the huge saurians which inhabited our earth forty or fifty million years ago.

"It is a known fact that dragon lizards, up to thirty-six feet long and weighing up to a ton and a half, lived in northern Australia as late as the Stone Age. The modern dragon lizards of Komodo live in cavelike hiding-places below tree and root-thickets. Only hunger and a desire for warmth drives them to the surface.

"Burden saw a dragon swallow a hindquarter of a wild boar. It will be of interest to hear of Burden's first meeting with these mythical beings as told by himself:

"'About 8:30 I saw on a gently inclining slope, covered with short grass and a few palms, the first dragon lizard in the open air. It was a real monster, huge and hoary. I went in search of a place from which I could observe it at leisure, taking great care not to make myself conspicuous, for the eyesight of these creatures is extraordinary, indeed.

"'The lizard came slowly down the mountain. The sun slanted down the hill, so that a black shadow preceded the beast. In these primeval surroundings, the monster, which might make even a daring hunter shudder, was an imposing sight. If the lizard had stood on its hind legs, of which it was well capable, the impression of a dinosaur would have been complete. Slowly and deliberately the uncouth being trotted onward, probably hunting for prey in the grass. Its yellow tongue was in constant motion. Its head was swinging heavily this way and that.

"'Three wild boars ran past at a distance. Most likely they were glad to get out of the way of the great reptile. Suddenly the dragon made a turn around my standing-place and vanished as if the earth had swallowed it.'"

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A magic carpet to magic lands

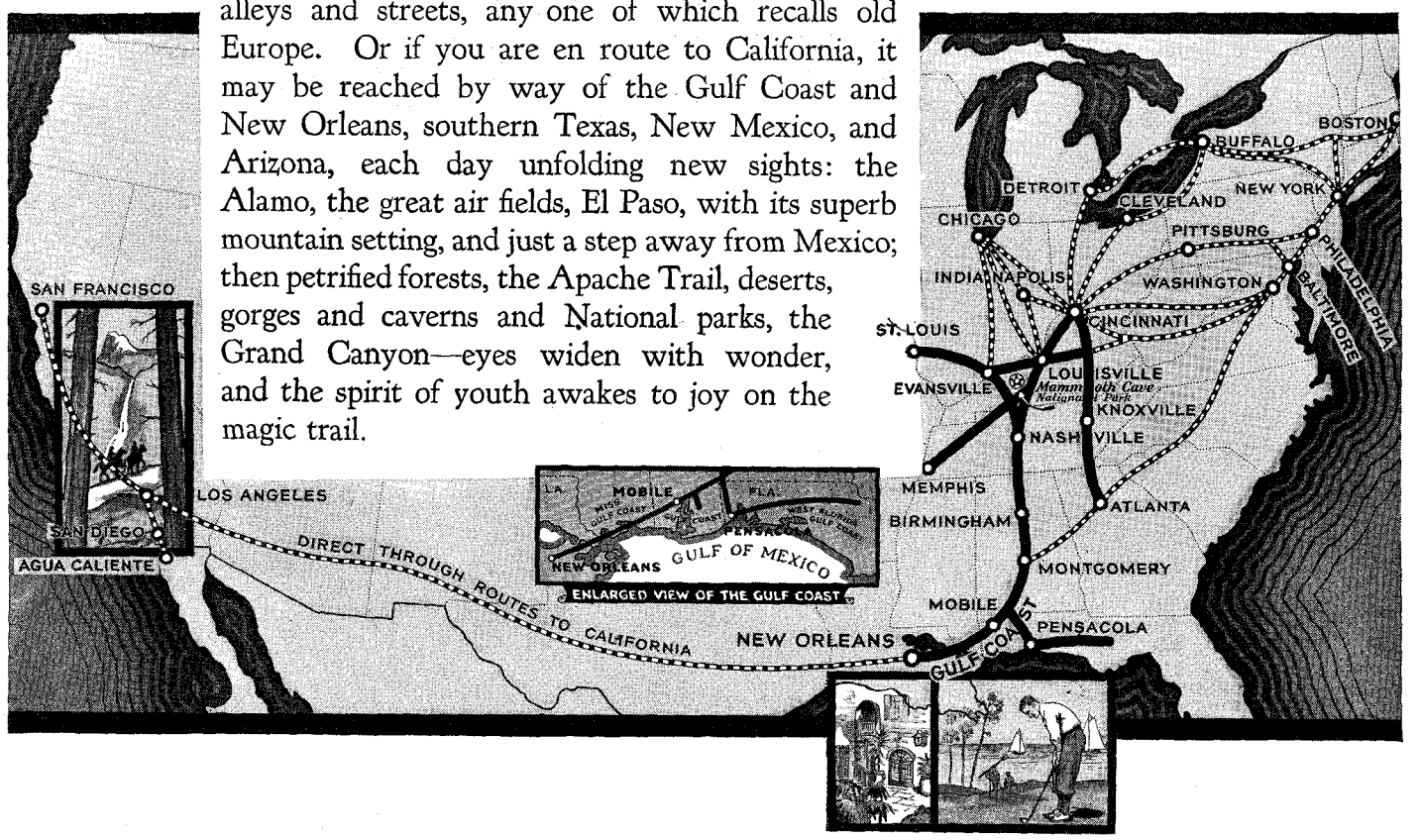
the GULF COAST *and* NEW ORLEANS

or en route to California . . .

Down from the embittering cold they come, these people who would taste their salad days again, to golden shores where invigorating, pine-fragrant air and warm, healing sunshine revive and expand spirits that have shrunk beneath the frozen grip of winter.

Louisville & Nashville trains carry them, as a magic carpet, to magic lands. The Gulf Coast: sun-kissed beach that extends from northwestern Florida to New Orleans. A land of year-round outdoor sports and a flower-scented atmosphere that lulls and relaxes tired minds and bodies. New Orleans: where the old French Quarter lures tourists with its overhanging balconies, its secluded courtyards, beautiful with willow trees, wisteria vines, rose bushes, banana plants, and fountains, its fascinating shops, its restaurants, famous in America and abroad, its alleys and streets, any one of which recalls old Europe. Or if you are en route to California, it may be reached by way of the Gulf Coast and New Orleans, southern Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, each day unfolding new sights: the Alamo, the great air fields, El Paso, with its superb mountain setting, and just a step away from Mexico; then petrified forests, the Apache Trail, deserts, gorges and caverns and National parks, the Grand Canyon—eyes widen with wonder, and the spirit of youth awakes to joy on the magic trail.

L&N



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LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

"The Digest's" All-America Team of Teams

Carideo

THAT HARDY PERENNIAL, the much-maligned but ever-returning All-America football team, is with us once again.

Everybody's picking one—sports critic, coach, player, old grad, the man in the street—and so THE DIGEST joins the fun with its second "super-eleven of super-elevens," its "composite photograph, so to speak," of the deluge of all-star aggregations. THE DIGEST named its first All-America last year with the amiable notion that it might be well to boil down to a single, readily grasped unit the multitudinous All-Americas that annually flood the sports world.

Perhaps, we thought, we can bring peace to the critics and fans who are playing tug-of-war with the mantle of the late Walter Camp, and are tearing it to shreds in their arguments.

We can't see that we've brought much unity to football, however, for the busy brains of the kingdom of pigskin seem to have turned out more All-Americas this year than ever before. So, all the more need of one unifying, argument-ending selection. THE DIGEST is never deaf to the claims of public service.

Fesler

Out came charts and graphs. We buried ourselves in tabulations and calculations. Into the silences we went.

AND now we are out again. Our yearly crystal-gazing is done. THE DIGEST's second All-America team of teams, the double-distilled quintessence of gridiron glory is completed.

Fans of America, are you dizzy? Have you spots before your eyes from reading All-America after All-America as they come fluttering from typewriters and conference rooms, numberless as the falling leaves of autumn?

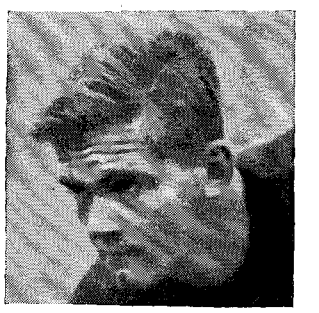
Then look at this line-up, and consider it the All-America team to end All-America teams—until next fall:

Ends—Fesler of Ohio State and Dalrymple of Tulane.
Tackles—Sington of Alabama and Price of Army.
Guards—Woodworth of Northwestern and Wisniewski of Fordham.
Center—Ticknor of Harvard.
Quarter-back—Carideo of Notre Dame.
Half-backs—Schwartz of Notre Dame and Pinckert of Southern California.
Full-back—Macaluso of Colgate.

IT's a good team, and we admit it. It should be. Did not literally hundreds of the best sports guessers of the land aid us? Numbering official selectors and their advisers, we counted up to 330 before we stopt, because the reports involved became vague.

Eleven leading All-America selections, listed in detail in the table at the bottom of the page, have gone into our consensus. They are:

Grantland Rice's, published in *Collier's Weekly;* the All-America Board of Football selections, made by Knute Rockne, T. A. D. Jones, Glenn S. Warner, and W. A. Alexander, copyrighted by the Christy Walsh Syndicate, quoted from the New York *World;* the Associated Press eleven, picked with the aid of 213 experts, presented by Alan Gould, sports editor of the Associated Press, and quoted from the Grand Haven, Michigan, *Daily Tribune;* the Hearst consensus, chosen with the aid of more than 100 selectors, presented by Ford C. Frick, and quoted from the New York *Evening Journal;* the New York *Sun* team, presented in that paper by George Trevor after its selection by a staff of expert observers; the New York *Evening Post* consensus, in which eleven sports writers participated; Charles E. Parker's New York *Telegram* team; Walter Trumbull's team, chosen for the North American Newspaper Alliance and quoted from the New York *Evening World;* Lawrence Perry's Consolidated Press Association team; the



Ticknor

In Fewer Words Than We Would Need, This Table Tells How the "Digest" Picked Its Team of Teams

Read down the columns for the make-up of the various All-America teams. Read across the page for the various choices for each playing position. Count the votes yourself and see how our eleven of elevens emerges grandly in the last column.

TEAMS	*Rice-Collier's*	*All-America Board-Walsh Syndicate*	*Associated Press*	*Hearst Consensus*	*New York Sun*	*New York Evening Post*	*Parker-New York Telegram*	*Trumbull-North American Newspaper Alliance*	*Perry-Consolidated Press Association*	*Midweek Pictorial*	*Lou Little-New York Evening World*	DIGEST *Eleven of Elevens*
ENDS	Fesler, Ohio State; Dalrymple, Tulane.	Fesler; Dalrymple.	Fesler; Baker, Northwestern.	Fesler; Baker, Northwestern.	Fesler; Baker, Northwestern.	Arbelbide, Southern California; Maffett, Georgia.	Dalrymple; Baker, Northwestern.	Fesler; Dalrymple.	Fesler; Dalrymple.	Fesler; Baker, Northwestern.	Fesler; Dalrymple.	Fesler; Dalrymple.
TACKLES	Sington, Alabama; Rhea, Nebraska.	Sington; Hein, Washington State.	Sington; Edwards, Washington State.	Sington; Labratovich, Wisconsin.	Sington; Edwards.	Sington; Ahlskog, Washington State.	Sington; Price, Army.	Sington; Price.	Sington; Van Bibber, Purdue.	Sington; Price.	Sington; Labratovich.	Sington; Price.
GUARDS	Koch, Baylor; Beckett, California.	Linehan, Yale; Beckett.	Metzger, Notre Dame; Woodworth, Northwestern	Woodworth; Wisniewski, Fordham.	Koch; Baker, Southern California.	Woodworth; Wisniewski.	Metzger; Wisniewski.	Koch; Woodworth.	Ticknor; Baker Southern California.	Metzger; Wisniewski.	Woodworth; Wisniewski.	Woodworth; Wisniewski.
CENTER	Ticknor, Harvard.	Ticknor.	Ticknor.	Ticknor.	Ticknor.	Siano, Fordham.	Ticknor.	Ticknor.	Hein.	Hein.	Hein.	Ticknor.
QUARTER-BACK	Carideo, Notre Dame.	Carideo.	Carideo.	Carideo.	Carideo.	Carideo.	Carideo.	Carideo.	Carideo.	Carideo.	Carideo.	Carideo.
HALF-BACKS	Dodd, Tennessee; Pinckert, Southern California.	Brill, Notre Dame; Pinckert.	Schwartz, Notre Dame; Pinckert.	Schwartz, Notre Dame; Pinckert.	Schwartz, Notre Dame; Pinckert.	Suther, Alabama; Macaluso.	Schwartz, Notre Dame; Pinckert.	Schwartz, Notre Dame; Pinckert.	Schwartz, Notre Dame; Duffield, Southern California.	Macaluso; Rothert, Stanford.	Brill; Pinckert.	Schwartz, Notre Dame; Pinckert.
FULL-BACK	Macaluso, Colgate.	Russell, Northwestern.	Macaluso.	Macaluso.	Macaluso.	Russell.	Schwartz, Washington State.	Schwartz, Washington State.	Russell.	Musick, Southern California.	Macaluso.	Macaluso.

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International
Dalrymple

International
Sington

Acme
Pinckert

Keystone
Price

The Sunny South and West and the Stern School of Generals Gave Us These Four Gladiators

Midweek Pictorial team; and the eleven chosen by Lou Little, head coach of Columbia, for the New York *Evening World*.

TAKING these teams, we tabulated their members by positions—in each case, of course, choosing the player who received most votes. There are only two unanimous choices in this consensus. Carideo, the great Notre Dame quarter-back, didn't miss out once. Neither did Sington, Alabama's doughty tackle. But there unanimity ends.

There are three holdovers from last year's DIGEST team of teams—Fesler, the Ohio State end; Ticknor, the Harvard center; and Carideo, one of the greatest members of Notre Dame's great eleven. And the Irish, let us remind you here, have been awarded the national gridiron championship by informal acclamation. This team has a record of nineteen straight victories, two seasons unclouded by defeat, and rewarded, one might say, by the splendid new stadium in South Bend.

Now for the statistics appropriate to the occasion.

There are more colleges and universities represented this year than last—ten, as against eight for the season of 1929. Notre Dame places two men, Carideo and Schwartz. The following institutions have one man each on our team: Ohio State, Tulane, Alabama, Army, Northwestern, Fordham, Harvard, Southern California, and Colgate.

And geographically the players are spread over more territory. Last year not a single Pacific coast player survived our boiling-down process to appear in the consensus, and there was only one man from the sunny Southland. Many Southerners and Westerners, of course, appeared on various teams, but there was not enough concentration on any one or two in particular to see them through to the end.

This year the West places Pinckert of Southern California on our team; the South, Dalrymple of Tulane and Sington of Alabama; the Middle West, Carideo and Schwartz of Notre Dame, Woodworth of Northwestern, and Fesler of Ohio State. The East lands Price of Army, Wisniewski of Fordham, Macaluso of Colgate, and Ticknor of Harvard.

In regard to this wider distribution of players, we have a feeling that perhaps the selectors were cautious. You may recall that the West protested in no uncertain terms last year when it felt that its gridiron stars were neglected. And there was a shout of glee from the vicinity of the Golden Gate when the post-season games ended disastrously for other sections of the country.

This circumstance led us, a year ago, to suggest that the All-America jury might well postpone its verdict until the evidence of the post-season games is in. Our hint hasn't been taken, but perhaps the All-America wizards have been more than usually careful this year to overlook no section. Looking over the eleven teams figuring in our consensus, we find that the combined South and West have three or four men on practically every team.

Aside from those who survived the elimination process, we find listed such sturdy warriors as Beckett of California, Dodd of Tennessee, Hein, Edwards, and Ahlskog of Washington State; Baker, Arbelbide, Duffield, and Musick of Southern California; Rothert of Stanford, Maffett of Georgia; and Suther of Alabama.

BUT even this conscientious effort to give credit where credit is due falls short of its intentions—it includes no mention of such stalwarts of the gridiron as Schwegler of Washington, Ebding of St. Mary's, Moffatt of Stanford, Kitzmiller of Oregon, Schwartz of Vanderbilt, Maree of Georgia Tech, Krajcovic of Maryland, Roberts of Tulane, Steele of Florida, Murray of Duke, and Roberts, Smith, and Downes of Georgia, all of whom were named on the All-Western and All-Southern teams chosen by Coaches Warner and Alexander for the Walsh Syndicate.

Notre Dame's present domination of the American gridiron is indicated by the fact that it is the only school to place two men on our team of teams. Regarding this great gridiron machine, it has been jocularly suggested that here is the answer to the old question: How good would an All-America team be on the field? For the Notre Dame team is an All-America team, even if it is not recognized as such. Many have elaborated this theme, among them W. O. McGeehan in his New York *Herald Tribune* column, in which he writes:

> Notre Dame is the best, North, East, South, and West.
>
> From the pine-clad hills of Georgia to the Lakes, from the near Atlantic to the more or less sunny Pacific strand, Mr. Knute K. Rockne's Notre Dame football team of 1930 met the best of them, and they were Notre Dame's.
>
> Only the Army team in the Chicago bog at Soldier Field made the "Fighting Irish" really fight.
>
> You can throw away all your All-America teams, copyrighted or patented. This Notre Dame team is no myth and no theory. It is a real football team, something very tangible and very tough. And you do not have to take my word for this, either.
>
> Ask the Native Sons, who are still rubbing their bruises at Los

Keystone
Woodworth

International
Wisniewski

Keystone
Schwartz

Acme
Macaluso

Four More Reasons Why the Season of 1930 Was a Humdinger from Kickoff to Final Whistle

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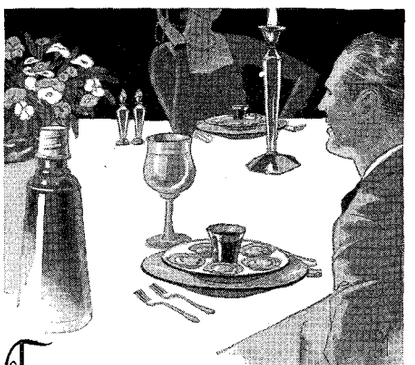

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Angeles, and wondering how the cyclone hit.

Ask the Native Daughters who sat in the Coliseum at Los Angeles.

Ask the Los Angeles sports writers, who wrote on the eve of the game that Notre Dame was not really a big-league football team, having beaten only a few teams in the East, the Middle West, and the South, but had not encountered any real opposition before heading for Southern California.

Ask the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, which had all the statistics to show that the Southern California climate reared the greatest athletes in the world.

You may forget your Four Horsemen. At Los Angeles Notre Dame turned loose so many horsemen in blue and gold that the Trojans of Mr. Howard Jones were trampled in the first rush, and passed an afternoon of utter bewilderment.

If the 7-to-6 victory over Army at Chicago was, as most of the football reporters maintained, a great day for the Irish, the day at Los Angeles was the greatest day of all the football season for the Celts.

As they did at the bog of Chicago, those two gallant young Hibernians, Marchmont Schwartz, the County Roscommon boy, and Frank Carideo, the lad from County Kerry, figured in the first scoring for Notre Dame.

It was the dashing play of these same two Irish gossoons that brought in the first seven points, and after that the Southern Californians never recovered from their bewilderment.

THE All-America idea is tough, hard to kill. Few institutions, we believe, could survive such attacks as it weathers every year. For example, in the Troy *Record* we read:

Of all the silly seasons in sport, the silliest is that of All-America football teams. For there is not a man in the country who is competent to name any such team. The average eleven plays eight games in a season. No player can be judged unless he is seen in at least two games. And no man can, therefore, see properly more than eight or ten teams in action. He must take the statements of others if he is to form any opinion. And, inasmuch as there are no contests in which all the chief rivals come together, how can their respective merits be judged?

But the public demands these selections, so they go on *ad nauseam*. The modern method is to ask coaches or sports writers all over the country to send in their choices, and then to find out the most popular players. If the test is that of popularity, it is good enough; but how can any of these men possibly know about more than a small group of players? Those sections where the most votes are cast will get the most berths. The real judicial note can not creep in. It would be almost as satisfactory to draw the names from a hat.

And in the New York *Daily News*, Paul Gallico attacks the All-America idea with gusto in this passage:

I do not pick an All-America team, because I do not believe there are eleven college football players who are good enough to represent the United States on a football team. If I were called to produce a football squad who could be counted upon to introduce the game in foreign lands with honor and intelligence, and to stand off attacks of teams organized there, I would select in a body Mr. Timothy Mara's New York professional football Giants, featuring such players as Ben Friedman and Munro and Badgro, *et cie*, or Mr. Whosis' Green Bay packers or Mr. Whatsis' Stapletons, or Mr. Thingumbob's Bears, and send them away secure in the knowledge that these were the best football teams that the country could produce.

With one or two exceptions, college football teams are pretty hammy. They all play twelve men on their teams, the twelfth being a guy named Luck. They don't know what a forward pass is all about, their head-work is atrocious. They tackle like sand-lotters, and their ideas of interference, blocking or taking-out seem to be centered around a sort of nudge.

IN *The Telegram* of the same city, however, Joe Williams inclines more to the philosophic side, reflecting along these lines:

One reason why it is futile to take editorial pot-shots at the annual All-America football selections is that they are quite harmless in effect, and no lasting importance is attached to them. At least, I hope not. Certainly the players thus honored should not take themselves too seriously.

I doubt that even the various experts who picked All-Americas a year ago can name their teams for you without checking back through their files. Young Mr. Carideo of Notre Dame is the fair-haired boy this year. He is practically the country's unanimous choice for the quarter-back position. It may be that he is destined to join that group of footballers loosely identified in the sports pages as immortals. But more than likely he will drop back into comparative obscurity, along with the great army of college stars who flash and fade as the years roll by.

An amusing satirical description of how All-America teams are chosen, plus some left-wing comment on the idea in general, is given by Gil Dobie, Cornell's pessimistic coach. In an article prepared in collaboration with Harold E. Jansen, and published in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine, "Gloomy Gil" says:

It has often happened that two, three and four All-America players from one university are picked by sports writers in a single season.

If a player isn't quite good enough to land on the first team chosen by the sports staff of the New York *Telepathy*, he will at least be given mention on the second or third team.

But if this gridiron celebrity was received rather coldly by the *Telepathy's* judges, perhaps he will land on *The Miracle's* list, or the team selected by his old friend, Joe Pickemgood of the Chicago *Cyclops*, who has been giving him a break in the news all season as being a product of the Windy City who is an outstanding success in Eastern football.

The eleven men chosen are, without a doubt, the ones who have been given the most ballyhoo.

If a player is popular, a consistent ground gainer, a stalwart on the offense and defense, and, above all, has his college paper, the daily papers in the city where the college is located, the university publicity agent, and the press corre-

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spondents all pushing him to the fore in the news, he is bound to be one of those out in the front in the choice for an All-America berth.

Many a tomato has been made to look like a peach through the pressure of publicity.

And it's just as possible that as formidable a team as an All-America could be chosen from among the boys who land on the second and third teams, or who don't even land at all, but are "at sea" most of the time as to what this All-America team-picking business is all about. Many a diamond in the rough looks great when polished by a "blah-blah" man from Agua Caliente. If you sing the praises of a man high enough in this country, it will not only reach to heaven, but from Kennebunkport, Maine, to Walla Walla, Washington.

However, for those who are really curious as to the mechanics of All-America selection, there is this matter-of-fact description by George Trevor in *The Sun*. Telling how that newspaper's team was picked, he says:

In order that sectional bias might be minimized, *The Sun* commissioned three veteran football critics—men whose background extends back to the canvas-jacketed 'nineties—to tour the entire country, visiting each district in turn, drawing comparisons, and conferring with local correspondents, regional scouts, and coaches. Only thus was a bird's-eye survey of the entire gridiron stage made possible.

Sport Among the Wild Men

"Block that kick! Block that kick!" The fans, rocked with enthusiasm by the clash between the rival elevens, may not have exhorted the athletes in precisely those words, for many of them didn't use English. But that was what they meant.

It was such a crowd as one seldom or never sees at a football game. Certainly the Yale Bowl and Soldier Field have never witnessed its like.

There were "Europeans in spotless white, natives in all sorts of dress and undress—here a stoic Chinaman in his long, flowing robe, here a Malay in coat and trousers, here a native, naked from the waist up; here (tho there were only a very few of these) a bearded Mohammedan with fez, who watched the struggle with unblinking eye and unmoved countenance; and here and there some native women, clad in their garb of black."

So W. R. Givens tells us in the Toronto *Star Weekly*. For this was in Borneo, in the Pacific, land of the circus wild men, now grown tame and going in for Occidental pastimes. The very players on the rival football teams were of the race of which so many blood-curdling tales have been told.

Mr. Givens describes the game in this manner:

They were playing in a fine open field, and several thousand people, whites, Chinese, and natives, had assembled to see the contest, and, no seats being available, had formed themselves, standing, into a hollow square all around the field; with the partizans of the two teams apparently about evenly divided.

It had been a warm day, but with the approach of evening a cool breeze had sprung up, and if the players felt any discomfort, they did not show it.

Clad in regular uniforms—one distinguished by red facing, the other by blue—the two teams went at it at a furious pace, and gave us a real thrill, especially as the final score showed a drawn game, 1-1.

It was a curious and an interesting sight to watch these little men in this remote spot in the Pacific—for the place of which I write is Sandakan, capital of British North Borneo—struggling for football supremacy as keenly as any Canadian or American team would struggle; an interesting sight also to watch the reactions of the spectators as the tide of battle now surged this way, now that, and to hear their comments in a language which, of course, was quite unknown to us.

There was no admission charge to the game and, all told, there must have been between two and three thousand spectators.

Time and again I caught myself wondering whether it was not all a dream, and only when I turned to look at the straggling town in the background, with our steamer plainly visible at the waterfront but a block or two away, did it come home to me that it was no dream, but that these players on the field, these unemotional phlegmatic people with whom, as a spectator, I was rubbing shoulders, were, indeed, very much alive, and that as a consequence all my preconceived notions of Borneo must go glimmering.

But this is by no means the entire sports story of Borneo. It was while motoring in British North Borneo along a well-paved road lined with beautiful palms and tropical plants that Mr. Givens learned more:

Suddenly and to our infinite surprize, a fine golf course came in sight with a spacious club-house in the foreground, and a number of players hard at it to beat old man par.

The greens were perfect and the fairway wide and well kept, with the whole course over a sweeping, rolling country, presenting an unusually attractive appearance.

Amazed at this unexpected evidence of civilization in this far-off country, I asked our driver to stop.

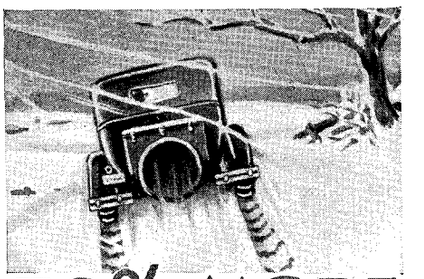
As it happened, one of the players was a resident of the town, whom I had met earlier in the day.

Expressing my surprize that golf had found a place here, and that they had so excellent a course, my morning acquaintance said:

"Oh, we've been playing it here for years, and it's quite a popular game. We have even a Chinese professional whom we pay $30 a month in our money, which would be $15 in yours, while in addition he makes a fair amount by giving lessons at $1 per, our money."

"And is he a first-class golfer?" I asked. "I mean," I added hastily, lest I should give offense, "how would he compare with a good golfer at home?"

My acquaintance smiled. "I think," he said, "you would be surprized. Of course, we have only a nine-hole course



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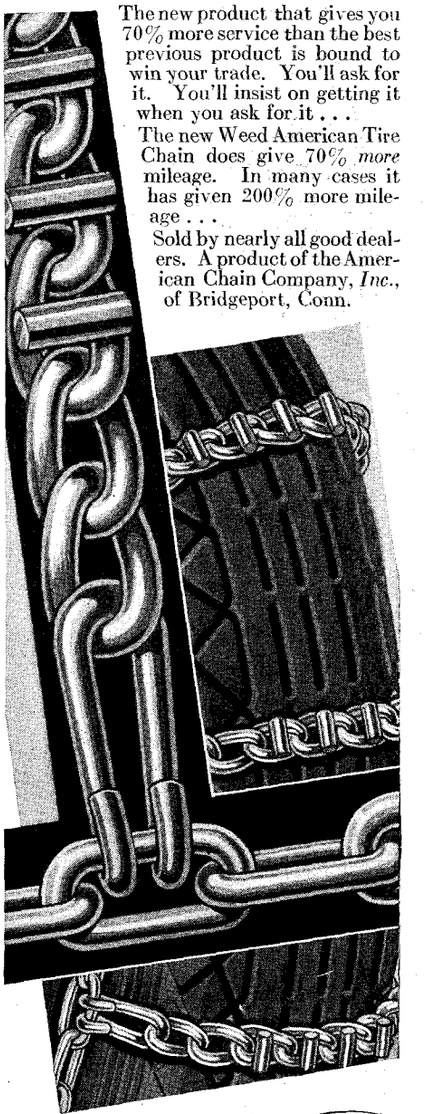

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here, but he goes the two rounds regularly in from 72 to 75, and I believe he has twice this year gone under the seventies!"

"And your own game?" I queried.

"Rotten," he answered, with a smile. "Simply rotten," and then I knew I was talking to a real player.

"However," went on my informant, just before he went to the tee and hit a screamer down the fairway a full 250 yards, "the natives for the most part take more readily and easily to less expensive games such as football, tennis, and cricket, and we even have a few baseball players."

Dangerous Sport in an Elephant Round-Up

"ALL right, old girl," the clever decoy seemed to say. "I know how it is, and I will do my best not to hurt you."

But the rebellious lady elephant, just captured, struggled against the blandishments of the tusker decoy. Noosed and surrounded, nevertheless she struggled to regain her freedom, giving no end of trouble, in spite of the tusker's coaxing and cajoling.

She was virtually weeping at her predicament, Helen Trybulowski Gilles tells us in a graphic description in *Asia* Magazine of the dangerous, thrilling sport and business of rounding up wild elephants in Ceylon. It's nothing for a weakling to try, we gather from her account of how the pachyderms are taken against their will to serve as beasts of burden to men.

But finally the rebellious cow and her fellows were noosed and tied to trees in the big stockade that had been built for them. Men and tame elephants accomplished the job together. And then the most spectacular part of the wild elephant round-up was over.

But before any of this had been done, much preparation had been necessary, according to Mrs. Gilles.

The kraal had been built. A herd of wild elephants had been located in the jungle, and had been driven forward by beaters to the gates of the enclosure. By helping the humans get them inside and tied, the decoy elephants played their chief part, while spectators, of whom the writer was one, watched the exciting, dangerous business from a safe distance.

Pursuing the account:

When the shouts and hoots had reached a high pitch of excitement, amid a volley of loud and rapid firing came a great rush—tremendous in comparison with that of the previous day. This time the beaters surrounding the kraal were not so ready with their jubilant cries, but almost instantly the effort was rewarded with success, and a herd was driven in.

Not, however, before a large female who had been obstructing the entrance to the stockade to prevent her followers from entering, was shot down. This terrifying incident detached the elephants of another herd, which stampeded in retreat.

The man in charge did not order any attempt to check them, since the best herd had been captured; so they went back to their jungle homes, to be caught perhaps at a subsequent round-up.

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When the sliding bars had closed the entrance to the kraal, the captured animals were huddled together somewhere in the center of the enclosure. The dense undergrowth, we are told, "prevented any distinct view of them, but occasionally a trunk was seen swaying through some opening." Then the writer offers these further details:

Now that the drive-in had been successful, a group of beaters, armed with short axes, entered and began lopping off the lower branches of the trees and clearing the shrub near the borders of the kraal as a preliminary to the noosing operations.

Then the decoy elephants, who had meanwhile lined up at the entrance of the kraal with their mahouts, or drivers, atop of them, and nooses ready, entered the stockade led by the majestic old Beligamana, reputed to be ninety-seven years of age, and followed by Athanagalla, the tusker.

How remarkable to see these towering decoys, once monarchs of the forest, doing man's bidding! Placing their heads against the trunks of huge trees, with one heave they brought the trees crashing to the ground, while they moved quickly away, so as not to let the falling branches strike them or their mahouts.

Thus they opened up an avenue of approach toward the center of the kraal where the wild herd, up to that time huddled together, now began dashing about and seeking refuge in the stream.

Through openings in the foliage the animals could be seen waving their trunks and breaking small trees in their anger. As the decoys came on, the maddened leader of the wild herd boldly charged.

At this, one of the less experienced of the decoys became so frightened that he ran about trumpeting until he was removed.

Several of the decoys concentrated all their powers, meanwhile, on capturing the leader of the wild herd. Some followed him; others prevented his return to the herd, which by this time had again quieted down.

It is the ambition of each and every nooser to capture the first elephant; for he to whom falls this honor is considered the hero of the day, and in recognition of his skill and bravery is rewarded by His Excellency the Governor with an elephant hook of Kandyan lacquer with brass and silver overlay.

Altho all of us saw something of the noosing, the few men privileged to watch from within the kraal—of whom my husband was one—obtained a much better view of this exciting operation.

With the loop of a noose in one hand and an elephant hook in the other, the nooser ran alongside the decoys, jumping over stumps and tangled branches. The decoys were his great protectors from the attacks of the wild animals. With what amazing intelligence they guarded him from injuries which the captives might inflict!

While they were endeavoring to encircle an elephant, the nooser, ever alert, anxiously awaited an opportunity to come close behind and slip the noose on one of the hind legs. He would prick the leg with the sharp point of the elephant hook, and, as the animal raised his foot, slip on the noose, which was then pulled tight by the decoy to whose neck the other end was attached.

How well the decoys know their part in this great game! Sometimes among the captured elephants is an enormous, ferocious beast, with whose wild strength the decoys are unable to cope, and he has to be finally captured by noosing from the comparative safety of a huge tree.

For all the skill of the decoys, "it was by no means an easy matter to get a captive to a stout tree, but, once he was near it, he was backed closer and closer, until his hind legs were in direct proximity to the trunk." Then, we read:

Two decoys, one on each side, held him in position with their trunks, as in a vise, while the noosers tied both his hind legs fast with loops of heavy rope, which now replaced the original noose. This noose, which was made of many strips of deer or buffalo hide, tightly twisted together while still raw, and then dried, was so strong and stiff that it had very probably by this time cut the animal's legs.

As for the animal, he could not understand his predicament, and made desperate efforts to free himself. Such pulling and

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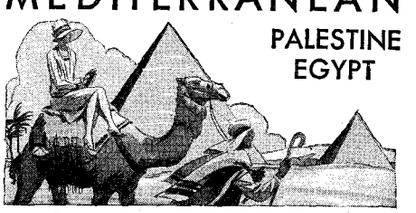

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Every masterpiece of art has a story. Often a unique story.

"*Ophelia,*" for instance. Painted by Millais and sold for $1,500, this great picture shows the heroine of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" lying in the water. She had fallen in while gathering flowers.

As a landscape setting for this picture Millais found a little reach of reed-fringed river with a tangled brier background and dogroses in bloom.

During July and August he painted. The background was finished.

The next step. To get an Ophelia. A beautiful girl, with red hair, tall and slender, employed in a milliner's shop, was prevailed upon to be the model. And *Millais insisted that she actually lie in water!*

A CHILLED MODEL

A large bath was arranged for the girl to lie in. The water was kept warm by lamps underneath.

All went well, until one day—*the lamps went out!* The girl got chilled. But she was plucky and stuck!

When Millais realized the situation, she was numb. She became ill. Her father threatened a damage suit. As a compromise Millais paid the doctor's bill.

BARE-LEGGED ARTIST

A touch of humor clings to Millais' first recognition as an artist. Aged 9, he won in an art competition. At the ceremony of awarding the prize the name "Mr. John Everett Millais" was called.

Can't you imagine the surprize of the audience when a youngster with short, white-frilled trousers, bare legs, and golden curls stepped up to the dais?

HIS ONLY NUDE

In his whole career Millais made only one nude—"*The Knight Errant.*" Mrs. Grundy protested. The canvas sold for $7,500 and hangs in the National Gallery.

GIRL DROWNING

Millais had a penchant for painting women in water. Besides "*Ophelia,*" there is his "*The Martyr of the Solway,*" in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. This great painting shows a young girl, condemned in religious persecution, and bound to a stake to drown in the rising tide.

THE BEEFEATER

But the high-water mark of artistry was reached in "*A Yeoman of the Guard,*" in his gorgeous uniform of red and gold that is so familiar to visitors to the Tower of London. This is regarded as one of the greatest pictures of modern times.

WONDERFUL DETAIL

Another great Millais masterpiece, "*The Blind Girl,*" that sold for $1,575, is called "a religious picture and a glorious one." It evinces a wealth of minute detail, from the moisture-spangled blades of grass to the distant village and the tortoise-shell butterfly on the girl's shawl.

SEE EXODUS CHAP. XVII

A distinctive religious work is Millais' "*Victory, O Lord!*" in the City Art Gallery, Manchester, based on the biblical story of the fierce battle between the Israelites and Amalekites while Aaron and Hur hold up the hands of Moses on the mountain side. Sold for $6,300.

GRAVE-DIGGING NUN

As his best painting Millais considered his "*Vale of Rest,*" a sombre churchyard scene showing two nuns, one digging a grave. But he almost went insane painting the grave-digging nun. The picture brought $15,000.

MASTERPIECES BY TURNER

While Millais specialized on life studies, J. M. W. Turner, the great colorist, idealized landscapes.

Look at Turner's "*Venice: The Dogana,*" in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. Such remarkable light and color and atmosphere were never known in painting before Turner's time.

Look at "*The Fighting Temeraire,*" in the National Gallery. No human figure is visible on the ship. Yet the whole canvas shows human feeling!

His "*Rain, Steam, and Speed,*" with the rushing train, is called "the boldest attempt to represent abstract ideas in landscape ever made."

DREAMLAND FANTASIES

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straining, and such dejection when his efforts were ineffectual! A few moments of quiet and contemplation; then he would resume his tremendous and yet futile struggles.

It was indeed a pathetic sight to see this great animal so helpless; yet the very fact that he was fighting for freedom was welcomed as a hopeful sign. Should an elephant easily resign himself to his fate, death might soon follow of a broken heart.

As the noosing operations continued, tiny baby elephants, like little lambs, ran about in the kraal hunting for their mothers, getting in the way of the decoys, and setting up a terrible hubbub with their loud squeals and cries, certainly not equaled by their elders.

It was important to remove these young elephants out of the reach of their mothers, who might in their frenzy destroy them. Finally they were caught by the decoys and led out of the kraal by a noose.

Greatly against their will were they led out, and now and again a decoy had to spank one of them with his trunk in much the same way that a mother spanks a naughty child.

It is said that if baby elephants are caught and trained, they entirely forget their jungle haunts. Should they be let loose when older, they would die of starvation, since they would not know how to forage for themselves.

On the contrary, an older elephant, once he has known how to hunt his food in the jungles, can always return there. Many a captured and tamed elephant has escaped, only to be caught at a subsequent round-up.

I was told, for instance, of an elephant who had given excellent service for many years, and then suddenly disappeared. Some years later at a round-up his mahout recognized him among the captives in the kraal, and he actually responded to the call of his name.

In conclusion:

Before seventy-two hours passed, all the elephants in the enclosure had been noosed. While they were still tied to trees, preparations were made to lead them out of the kraal. A heavy rope was wound many times round the neck of each captive and attached to loops on the necks of two decoys.

Once this was made fast, the captive's legs were freed and he was led out of the stockade to the near-by jungle. Here again he was tied fast by his hind legs to a stout tree. The neck rope was then undone, and the decoys returned to the kraal to repeat the operation.

Additional Travel Information

To references of official sources of European travel information in our December 20 issue should have been added for England: the London, Midland & Scottish Railway, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York; London & North Eastern Railway, 11 West Forty-second Street, New York; and the Great Western Railway of England, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York; and for Ireland, the Great Western Railway and London, Midland & Scottish Railway.

Also should have been mentioned under West Indies the winter service maintained on the Cunard Line with twice-a-week sailings between New York and Havana.

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New Theory of Tooth Decay

DENTAL DECAY MAY BE A DISEASE, and healthy teeth may protect themselves, without outside aid, by means of mineral salts deposited within them by the blood.

This idea has been developed by Dr. Charles F. Bodecker, professor of dentistry in Columbia University.

The decay of a tooth is chiefly the result of its impaired resistance to acids formed in the mouth, Dr. Bodecker contends. He advances the theory that conditions within the teeth themselves, rather than any hygienic measures, must be the basis of cure.

In support of his theory, Dr. Bodecker points out, as quoted in a press bulletin issued by the university, that many persons who give no attention to mouth hygiene have good teeth, while others, whose prophylactic efforts are unremitting, are wholly unable to retard the progress of disease.

All this may come as welcome news to little Willie, rebellious over his enforced periodic sessions with the tooth brush.

We must tell him however, that Dr. Bodecker has not signed his emancipation proclamation, and does not declare against such good, old-fashioned practices.

Teeth from which the nerves have been removed appear to disintegrate more rapidly, he finds, a condition which would not occur if the cause were wholly an exterior one. He declares:

> One of the contiguous surfaces of two teeth sometimes decays, leaving the other intact.
>
> How could this take place if the destructive agent acts solely from the exterior? Does not this indicate that each individual tooth possesses a high resistance which originates in the interior?

Dental deterioration is becoming more wide-spread with each succeeding generation, Dr. Bodecker asserts, and its rapid increase is arousing health workers in all parts of the world to the necessity for more effective action.

But, alas, no panacea has been found for curing this malady over night. Moreover:

> Decay of the teeth is more prevalent than the common cold. Most people do not consider it a disease, yet it is a disease and one which not only interferes with the mastication and therefore the digestion of food, but which, through local infection of teeth, may even cause a variety of severe general illnesses. For these reasons, health workers estimate the consequences of finding a means to prevent dental caries, second only in importance to that of curing and preventing cancer.
>
> The disease is thought to be due to an acid which forms on the surface of the teeth, generated by the fermentation of food débris. The acid dissolves the mineral content of the enamel, and thus decay begins.
>
> If we could find a means of neutralizing this acid before it attacks the enamel, it would be possible to prevent decay of the teeth.

THE new theory of dental decay, which satisfactorily explains, for the first time, several puzzling facts, regards the teeth as being an integral part of the body, and considers that they are often influenced by health and ill health.

If the individual is in a normal healthy condition, the acid of decay is steadily neutralized by mineral salts present in the tooth itself, and thus no decay takes place. These mineral salts are carried in a fluid, the dental lymph, derived from the blood, which is known to contain various kinds of such salts. To quote further:

> One of the functions of these salts is to neutralize acids in the muscles of the body. This is called "buffer power." As the dental lymph is derived from the blood, it is quite within the realm of possibility that this fluid also contains these mineral salts which have a like power of neutralizing acid and thus making the acid of decay harmless. The teeth would thus be secure from the deleterious action of the acid.
>
> If the individual, on the other hand, is in an abnormal condition of health, the acid of decay is not completely neutralized, due to an insufficiency of mineral salts in the dental lymph. The acid is thus free to attack the tooth, and decay results.
>
> Certain illnesses, particularly acidosis, cause a reduction of some of the mineral salts in the blood, and this may have a like effect upon the composition of the dental lymph.
>
> If the theory is substantiated, it would indicate that there are few really healthy civilized persons in the world, which seems absurd. But we must remember that health is a matter of degree, in fact, of widely varying degree, between the individual bursting with energy and vitality and the patient lying at death's door. The condition of acidosis is suspected to be much more general than previously supposed, and in its first and often in its intermittent stages it causes but few perceptible symptoms.
>
> Simple as this theory appears, and feasible as it seems in its practical application, it is by no means sufficiently substantiated to be practically applied in the prevention of dental caries. A number of phases of this problem remain to be investigated. This may require some years of research in the various fields.

DR. BODECKER does not dogmatically claim to have discovered the only cause of decay; he suspects that there may be another factor besides mouth acid. This new theory, however, explains for the first time a number of previously puzzling observations, and it is therefore considered profitable to direct research into the suggested channels.

Babes in the Wood

FIFTY-SEVEN MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN were lost in the national forests of Oregon and Washington during the past summer, according to reports received by the regional forester in Portland, Oregon.

In efforts to locate these lost persons, seventy-four employees of the U. S. Forest Service spent a total of ninety-seven days, and this cost the service $700. The forest rangers are always the first to look for persons lost in the forests. It is a call of humanity; often a matter of life or death. But when people, unfamiliar with the country, wander away from camp or neglect to follow plain trails, or fail to use common sense in the woods, or are simply stupid or careless, the rangers sometimes do become what might be called peeved. We read in a press bulletin issued by the Forest Service (Washington):

> Rangers know the country pretty well, and when an emergency arises, are the first to volunteer, and oftentimes put in many wearisome hours combing the mountainsides and canyons for lost persons. They do this willingly and cheerfully, but they wish, and it is a very earnest wish, that people who go into the forests would try to acquire some of the woodsman's powers of close observation, calmness, and common sense, or at least stay with somebody who knows the country or is a good enough woodsman to act as a guide.
>
> Among these fifty-seven lost persons were children, men, and women, including an old lady, a policeman, and a good many hunters, the reports show.
>
> The Malhour forest in eastern Oregon reports ten lost persons, the largest number; the Olympic forest in Washington reports nine, while the Whitman, in the Blue Mountains, reports seven. The Fremont had six lost, mostly hunters, while the Mount Hood reports five. Fourteen out of the twenty-two national forests reported lost persons during 1930.
>
> The forest rangers suggest the following simple and common-sense things to remember when lost in the woods or mountains:
>
> 1. Stop. Sit down and try to figure out where you are. Use your head and not your legs.
> 2. If caught by night, fog or storm, stop at once and make camp in a sheltered place. Build a fire in a safe spot. Gather plenty of dry fuel as soon as possible after selecting a stopping-place.
> 3. Don't wander about. Travel only down-hill.
> 4. If you are injured, choose a clear spot on a promontory, if possible, and build a signal smoke.
> 5. Don't yell; don't run; don't worry, and, above all, don't quit.
>
> With the coming of winter snows to the high mountains will come reports of persons becoming lost, with the liability of suffering and death. Forest officers therefore emphasize the fact that people inexperienced with snow and low temperatures at high elevations should keep out of such localities unless accompanied by some one experienced in such conditions.

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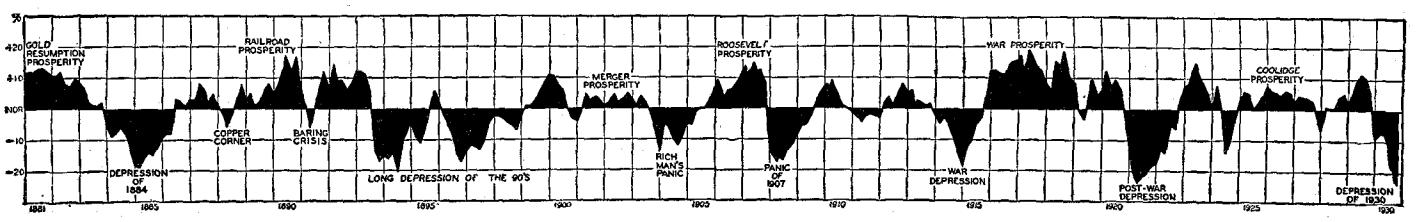

From the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin*

How American Business Has Behaved in the Last Half Century

Ups and downs of business (a combination of fluctuations in basic industrial and transportation activities as reported monthly) are shown in black silhouette in comparison with a horizontal line representing theoretical normal progress.

Why We Are Headed Toward Better Times

CONSIDER THE PENDULUM.

Each swing one way is followed by just as great a swing the other way.

So business swings back and forth from boom to depression, from depression to boom.

And with all these swings listed and measured and charted—look at the chart at the top of the page—why can't we get a pretty good idea of where we are now in the cycle of business, and what is ahead of us?

The answer is, we can.

All the statistical wise men have been hard at work studying the record, and they are pretty well agreed that we are in a major depression, that we are in the trough of the wave, the bottom of the valley, but that the next move is upward, and that there will be evidence of it in a very few months. Also, students of the business cycle point out that in the long run these depressions have always been followed by real advances in national wealth and prosperity.

But first of all, what is the "business cycle"?

Well, the banker Thomas W. Lamont recently pointed out that there have been some thirteen acute depressions in business since the beginning of the last century, and that "each period of acute crisis has invariably been followed by depression in business, this in turn gradually giving way to expanding activity, followed eventually by overexpansion, overspeculation, and again a crisis." It is this regular pattern which we have come to call the "business cycle." These exaggerated swings, adds Mr. Lamont, are largely "due to psychological factors, to overconfidence and unreasonable optimism at one point in the cycle, and to underconfidence, undue pessimism, and a general fear of vague, impending disaster at another point in the cycle."

Good for the Waistline

—Temple in the New Orleans "Times-Picayune."

BUT before we go any deeper into psychology, let us notice the way a leading statistician, Col. Leonard P. Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company, sketches the ups and downs of a half-century of American business in the chart reproduced at the top of this page. Colonel Ayres recognizes fifteen periods of business depression in the last fifty years:

Eight of them, including this one, have been major depressions, while the other seven have been minor ones, like those of 1927 and 1924.

This depression began as a minor one, and continued that way until last summer, when it abruptly declined into one of major proportions. In this unusual feature it resembles the depression of 1884.

The black silhouette is now at a level about twenty-three per cent. below normal, which is lower than any of the previous ones, except that of 1921.

Major depressions are irregular in size, and irregularly spaced, and there is not much use in trying to judge the probable length of this one by describing, or attempting to compute, the average duration and depth of previous ones.

Nevertheless, the diagram shows that they do have a reassuring sort of irregular regularity. After declines about as long as we have had this time, the previous major depressions have made bottoms somewhat similar to the one that this one appears to be making, and then rapid recoveries have always got under way.

Depressions are periods of maladjustment between demand and supply of goods, between cost and availability of credit, between productive capacity and consumption possibility. They are periods of tangled economic tensions and slacknesses. At such times business activity slows down while forced readjustments painfully take place. But they always do take place, and within periods of time that appear not to vary greatly.

These readjustments are now in progress both here and abroad.

We may be assured on the basis of the records of the past that the upward swing of a new business cycle will get under way in the months that lie not far ahead.

THE drama of business depression may have its tragic note, but, as André Maurois, the French novelist now lecturing in this country, writes in the New York *Times*, "the ending has always been happy."

The same cheerful conclusion is reached by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in a little pamphlet history of the development of American prosperity showing how the years of depression and despondency have interrupted our growth, and then how "after each and every depression, our country has gone forward to new peaks of wealth, income, and achievement." And the significant statement is made: "The future should be considered in the light of our experiences in the past." This story fills in the bare outline given in the diagram on this page. And it goes a good deal farther back. We are reminded that prosperity set in after the adoption of the Constitution, and growth proceeded with minor checks for some fifty years:

The settlement of the Middle West caused a great agricultural expansion, and crops were phenomenal. Whitney invented the

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cotton-gin, and McCormick the reaper. Coal came into wide use, canals were dug, factories were built, the first steamboats and locomotives began to transport freight and passengers, and the development of water-power stimulated manufacture. In 1830, the United States imported more than $62,000,000 worth of goods, and exported more than $71,000,000. This for a total population of only 16,000,000 meant an increase of wealth so rapid that it unseated sound judgment and led to speculation.

THEN, "with a shocking force," came the business depression of 1837:

In one year, 618 banks failed. In New York City, with about 250,000 of population, 168 business firms failed in forty-nine days; 20,000 persons were thrown out of work within a few weeks; the shrinkage of property value was estimated at $40,000,000.

To many it seemed that the United States could never recover from such a staggering blow. But within five years the upward trend was resumed, and the fifteen years following showed, in the main, an increasing prosperity which surpassed everything that had gone before.

Morse invented the telegraph and Howe the sewing-machine; manufacture reached undreamed volume; the working day of twelve and fourteen hours was cut back to ten; and still wages went up and merchants and manufacturers grew richer. Public schools multiplied. Gold was discovered in California. And as the tide of wealth rose, the speculators again became reckless.

The crash of 1857 was severe, but short. It broke in the summer, and by the end of December its first force was spent, and the after-effects had ceased to be generally serious within about a year thereafter. But while it was operating, money grew tight; railroad stocks became a drug on the market; manufacturing came to a standstill. A huge trust company failed, and three of the most important railroads became insolvent. Workmen went on half pay or lost their jobs. Servant girls were glad to get charity positions where they could earn $1.75 a week.

FUNDAMENTALLY the next period of fourteen years was one of growth, in spite of the prodigious cost of the "tragic distraction" of the Civil War and the subsequent depression—

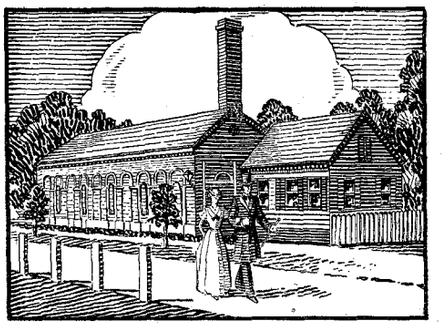
Oil was discovered in Pennsylvania, and more coal was produced than in any previous years. The South produced more cotton by millions of bales than ever before. Exports climbed to the dizzy heights of $400,000,000. Wages steadily increased; dock workers struck for a raise of pay from $1 to a $1.25 a day; the shoe industry adopted machinery, and workmen who had been earning $6 to $7 a week now got from $10 to $18.

It seemed now as tho nothing could stop the prosperity of the United States.

But speculation and overextended credit were sapping the foundations of industry. The panic of 1873 closed the Stock Exchange. Runs on the banks were so severe that banks could neither get currency nor keep it. There were men in this dark period who completely gave up hope.

By 1878, the tide was again on the rise, and business in general showed marked increases in the long period of prosperity which followed. The dynamo came into being and opened the way for the electric light. The great Northwest was opened up

PIONEERS STILL



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and settled. The refrigerated car revolutionized the packing industry.

There were oil booms in Ohio and West Virginia. The industries of the South renewed their strength. By 1890, America possest a railroad mileage surpassing that of all Europe.

But, in 1893, overconfidence, careless and extended credits and high speculation produced their apparently inevitable consequences. The stock market collapsed. Call money went to 74 per cent. Within the year, 554 banks went to the wall. But just two years from the time of the first failure there was a sudden and marked change for the better.

From 1895 to 1906, as the writer for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company continues, "the barometer of growth steadily rose despite two setbacks":

A government loan was oversubscribed nearly six times. The United States Steel Corporation was born. The pressure of wealth more than sufficient to care for current needs inspired the idea of watered stocks and, in this period, the public took from the railroads more than a billion and a quarter dollars' worth of stocks and bonds.

The wheat crop of 1905 was a bumper one, seldom exceeded, and both corn and cotton showed a very large yield. The rise in land values was marked, and speculation in real estate was wide-spread. Building outstript all previous records. Then came the depression of 1907.

The automobile made its appearance, revolutionizing manufacturing processes, and the United States began the great era of quantity production. Following 1908, business took the old upward swing. The moving-picture caught the national fancy and created new fortunes.

Then "the appalling outbreak of the World War" in 1914 closed the Stock Exchange and disturbed financial conditions all over the world. But for us there was a bright side even to this dark cloud:

Factories were bought, built and transformed to meet the colossal demands of the Allies. Wages rose to heights undreamed of, even by the unions. And, in 1917, the United States went to war and thereafter sold $30,000,000,000 worth of bonds to finance the conflict.

The Armistice terminated this extraordinary spurt. Again, in 1920, the country was forced to pause and put its house in order. There followed two years of deflation and liquidation; prices went down, but wages stayed up. Henry Ford declared a minimum wage of $5 a day for the same class of labor which 100 years earlier was fortunate to get $1 a day.

In various trades skilled artizans could earn $14 a day. In many trades the forty-four-hour week became standard, followed subsequently by the forty-hour, five-day week. Never had so much prosperity been so generally diffused.

And now we come to the present time, with the rise in business from 1921 to 1929, eclipsing everything that has gone before, and the writer for the insurance company goes on to the final chapter:

The radio had jumped into universal popularity. The stock market marched steadily upward. The enormous sale of Liberty Bonds had made us a nation of investors. Bondholders, who before the war numbered about 700,000, now were reckoned at approximately 15,000,000.

With a rising market, almost any one who bought could anticipate a profit. And for four years the people bought. The Federal Reserve warned the banks who, in turn, warned their depositors. But the game was too fascinating. People kept on telling each other that this was a new era right up to the stock-market collapse in the fall of 1929.

As we glance back over the ups and downs of business as revealed in this story and in the chart prepared by Colonel Ayres, we wonder whether we can measure the duration of this depression by the length of its predecessors. The Cambridge Associates of Boston estimate the average length of past depressions at slightly over eighteen months. They consider the present period of contraction as having lasted now about fifteen months, and so "an upturn in the early spring of 1931, which many prominent economists forecast, would make the length of the present business decline coincide almost exactly with the eighteen-month average."

Colonel Ayres thinks that "the records of the depressions of the past half-century combine to support the hope and even the qualified opinion that the evidences of its beginnings will be apparent in the spring of 1931." On the whole, Colonel Ayres concludes conservatively in his bank's *Business Bulletin*, "the year 1931 will probably be a year of slow business recovery, with activity not getting back to normal by the end of the year."

An interesting effort to determine what will start the upturn of business, and when that upturn will come, is made by Warren M. Persons, former Harvard economist, in a series of articles in *Barron's Weekly*. After a thorough analysis of the business-cycle chart, he explains that this is the way depressions end:

Drastic business recession ultimately encounters the resistance of the purchases of consumers who utilize their resources to protect their standards of living; this resistance sets a limit to the business depression and substitutes stability for decline; stability of trade results in new orders for goods and increased manufacturing activity.

In 1921 the demand for new residences and automobiles proved to be important factors which, with others, were effective in raising business from depression to prosperity. At this writing, it appears that an increased demand for commodities will be more evenly distributed than in 1921 among many industries—electrical equipment, textiles, chemicals, and food products, as well as the construction and automobile industries.

After a long study of the figures showing "how business has behaved in the United States for the last fifty years," Mr. Persons even ventures to present a probable, tentative, time-table of recovery as follows:

Probable business developments	Not earlier than	Not later than
Trough of depression ends.....	November, 1930	March, 1931
Recovery follows thereafter and continues from month-to-month without important interruption.		
Normal business attained.....	November, 1931	June, 1932

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Should American Industry Stay at Home?

HIGHLY debatable, quite unescapable, is this question of branch factories abroad, upon which ex-Presidents, labor leaders, newspapers, and financial writers are briskly taking sides.

The Detroit *News* even thinks there is bound to be discussion of the subject in Congress, "with the Congressional fulminations hot at times."

The idea of American industrialists like Mr. Ford and General Motors building factories abroad and employing foreign workers with American capital displeases Mr. Matthew Woll of the American Federation of Labor, and *The Manufacturers' Record* flatly says that "American industry belongs at home."

On the other hand, ex-President Coolidge thinks this criticism is short-sighted, observes that "all the business on earth can not be done within the confines of the United States," and argues that our foreign branches, using our machinery and raw materials, would increase prosperity abroad and develop "customers who are better able to absorb our exports."

THAT the movement will be beneficial all around is the opinion of a writer in the New York Trust Company's *Index*, who sets down a number of interesting facts about our branch factories. It is estimated, we learn, that American interests now control more than two thousand branch factories in foreign countries employing about 400,000 men. The most rapid expansion has taken place during the last ten years. One motive has been "to get behind the tariff walls of other countries, and thus bring the price of the manufactured product within the means of the foreign consumer."

It is to get behind the high Canadian tariff barrier, for instance, that American automobile manufacturers have been setting up Canadian branches. And, indeed, this branch-factory movement has gone further in Canada than anywhere else.

Complete figures for Europe are not available, but the writer in *The Index* notes government reports that at the beginning of the year 79 American branch plants were operating in Germany, with several others scheduled for erection. American branch factories have been established in Great Britain for many years, while more recently branch plants, principally for the manufacture of automobiles, have been established in France, Italy, and Spain.

Why? Well, according to *The Index:*

Transportation charges have played a part in the foreign branch-plant movement, particularly in the case of companies manufacturing heavy machinery upon which the export freight charges would be so large as to prohibit competition with local manufactures.

Other underlying motives for establishing branch plants abroad are advertising considerations and the utilization of national sentiment.

National sentiment, as reflected in the desire to patronize home industries which afford employment for local workers, has been of great value to American branch plants.

Most of these plants, accordingly, operate under a foreign name, and with a separate incorporation in the country in which their factory is located, in order to be in accord with nationalistic feeling.

A practical reason which has led to the establishment of a number of branch plants has been to provide facilities for servicing the company's products.

OF course, we are just following the example of other nations. The writer in *The Index* reminds us that British and German interests substantially control rayon manufacture here. Moreover—

The international scope of the Belgian glass and chemical industries, the world-wide expansion of the French perfume industry, and the ramifications of the Swedish match, and the Dutch margarine interests, all form a part of the international migration of industry which is characteristic of the modern world.

"Capital has become international in character, and flows into those channels where it may be most instructively and profitably employed," generalizes the New York bank writer, who concludes:

Far-seeing economists believe that, on the whole, the movement will be beneficial, both to America and to foreign countries. Introduction of American methods and a consequent increase in productivity per worker will lower prices in foreign countries, and enable them to increase their exports and obtain a greater degree of prosperity.

NOW let us turn to a magazine which strenuously objects to the branch-factory movement, on the ground that "American industry belongs to America; its fruits belong to Americans." This is the way *The Manufacturers' Record* (Baltimore) reasons:

While approximately 3,500,000 American men and women are without work in the United States, 500,000 foreign workers are reported to be drawing wages in American-owned industrial plants in foreign lands.

Each one of these employed foreigners represents one American who might be employed.

On a wage estimate of $5 a day for each of the 500,000 Americans whose work now is done by foreigners in American plants in other lands, American workers—now non-workers—and their dependents are losing $2,500,000 a day, or $750,000,000 a year; probably $1,000,000,000 would be nearer the correct figure.

The United States not only suffers the direct loss of this estimated $1,000,000,000 annually. In reality its loss is much greater, for this annual $1,000,000,000 would filter through a thousand and one channels into all lines of retail trade.

The absence is felt in the slow-down of American industries which otherwise would have to meet this increased demand for food, clothing, and all other commodities.

No nation can take a loss of $750,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 a year without imposing serious evil on its economic condition and the morale of its people.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Flattery as Is Flattery.—As a matter of fact, inimitable persons are the ones who are the most imitated.—*Louisville Times.*

Regular Yes Man.—OFFICER (to couple in parked auto)—"Don't you see the sign, 'Fine for parking'?"

DRIVER—"Yes, officer, I see it and heartily agree with it."—*Mugwump.*

Hygienic Mother Goose. — Handy, spandy, Jack-a-dandy.

Loved plum-cake and sugar candy, but he got spinach and carrots, just as all the other little folks do.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Shift !—TAXI-DRIVER—"My, what a clutch!"

VOICE (from rear)—"Say, you, keep your eyes to the front. This is none of your business."—*Purple Parrot.*

Sharp Practise.—"Better pass up Plunkville, stranger. Everything here is dull."

"Good. I'm a scissors-grinder."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Roguish Gallery.—In the homes of America there are treasured thousands of snap-shots that look even worse than the pictures in the old family album did. — *Louisville Times.*

Making the Owners Stuck up.—"Have you heard about the meanest man in the world?"

"Yea. He throws chewing-gum in the streets for Austins to get stuck on."—*Yellow Crab.*

To Guide Wanderer Home.—DEAR OLD LADY—"Captain, would you please help me find my state-room?"

CAPTAIN—"Have you forgotten what number it is, madame?"

D. O. L.—"Yes, but I'll know it if I see it again, there was a light-house just outside the window."—*Puppet.*

Time for Thrift.—Young Angus had been out for the evening with his best girl. When he arrived home he found his father still sitting up. The old man looked up and shook his head.

"Hae ye been oot wi' yon lassie again?" he asked.

"Aye, dad," replied young Angus. "Why do ye look sae worrited?"

"I was just wonderin' how much the evening cost."

"No more than half a croon, dad."

"Aye? That was no sae much."

"It was a' she had," said Angus.—*Bystander.*

Funny Finny Stuff.—Did you ever stop to think that a fish may go home and lie about the size of the bait he hooked!—*Judge.*

Everybody Shoves a Fat Man.—One advantage of being fat is that the waistline provides a mighty good shock-absorber in a revolving-door.—*Louisville Times.*

Tight Squeeze or None.—A woman weighing 300 pounds recently charged her husband with cruelty. He had traded in the family's only car for a Baby Austin.—*Lampoon.*

"Fancy running into you here, Miss Dobbs!"

—"Judge."

Master-Mind.—The bridegroom was in a poetic frenzy as he strolled along the seashore. "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll," he recited to his bride.

"Oh, Gerald," she exclaimed, "how wonderful you are. It's doing it."—*Exchange.*

To Keep the Missus from Bakin'.—"This job of bringing home the bacon is no joke," sighed one married man.

"No," growled the other one, "and on top of that I always have to stop at the bakery and bring home the bakin', too."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Fractional Wisecracks.—A lady much above the usual size was trying to enter a street car. A passenger, who was waiting to get off, began to laugh at her futile efforts.

"If you were half a man, you'd help me on this street car," snapt the fat lady.

The passenger retorted, "Madam, if you were half a lady, you wouldn't need any help."—*Lampoon.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Saturday Night.—
Municipal Judges Take Baths.
—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

It Often Is.—
LYING WEATHER FORECAST
—*Washington Herald.*

Easier to Count the Quacks.—In some States the shooting of young ducks is also forbidden, and there the hunter must first count the points on his quarry's antlers.
—*Appleton (Wis.) paper.*

Good Collection?—
BISHOP CAPERS AT ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH
—*Uvalde (Tex.) paper.*

Speak up.—Any one not able to pay and stating so, will be buried Free of charge.—*Sherbrooke(Can.) Daily Record.*

Mum's the Word.—
No Drinking Aloud
At Football Game,
Fans Are Warned
—*Birmingham News.*

Keep 'em in Hot Water.—Always test the fat with a piece of bread before putting in coquettes. When the bread browns the fat is sufficiently hot to fry coquettes.
—*Boston Globe.*

Casualties R in Season.—Seeking cover on Amenican soil the patiolmen etumen the fie. Members of the Mexican of willows gave battle fo bani in ambush in a thicket seveal minutes, then fled, seaving two men dead on the Ameican side of the monument making the bounday.
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

And on the West?—WHITE Pomeranian Spitz. Answers to "Tippy" on the east side. Reward if returned to 1032 Beckford Street.—*Ad in the New Castle (Pa.) News.*

Endurance Stunt.—
A Christmas
Souvenir for Every Boy and Girl
Children Must be Accompanied
by an Adult—While they last.
—*Ad in the Raleigh News and Observer.*

Fitting the Word to the Gesture.—
Hymn . . . . . No. 336
(Congregation standing)
Sermon, "What are You Standing For?"
Dr. Fosdick
—*Bulletin of the Riverside Church, New York City.*

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